

# PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXX

OCTOBER, 1933

No. 5



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*Edited by A. V. H. HARTENDORP*



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## EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES

1104 Castillejos, Quiapo, Manila  
Telephone 2-21-31

A. V. H. HARTENDORP,  
*Editor and Business Manager*

H. G. HORNOSTEL,  
*Advertising and Circulation Manager*

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## Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

American Trade Commissioner



GENERAL conditions in the Philippine Islands during August were practically a continuation of late July trends, confirming the loss of the "new levels" of June and early July so far as export prices are concerned. Various reasons have been assigned: (1) The early summer increases in Philippine export commodity prices reflected an exaggerated estimate of (a) dollar (and with it, peso) inflation, (b) increases in costs under National Recovery and Agricultural Adjustment Administrations, and (c) proximity of full recovery; (2) The uncertain position of Philippine sugar, cordage, tobacco and lumber under pending marketing agreements which restricted sales for future delivery, thus throwing greater pressure on spot marketing; (3) Usual dullness of the rainy season; (4) Heavy production in major items (unprecedented in copra, heavy in abaca and sugar).

In spite of the August slump, the undertone is optimistic. Cordage and other manufacturers feel that the lower dollar has helped export. The general public shows better morale and expects NRA codes and Agricultural Adjustment to work out for the benefit of all producers.

Provincial movement of merchandise was low even for August and there is a distinct feeling among dealers that the conservative peasantry has ceased resistance and accepted a new and much lower standard of living, especially in respect to consumption of overseas wares. However, merchants expect an upturn in late September and October, response to opening of the sugar milling season.

A veritable "gold boom" struck the Islands during August featured by a great activity in prospecting and exploratory work centering around Baguio, and in feverish trading in stocks and certificates in Manila. The advance in gold stock quotations was checked by the uncertainty of whether United States authorities would declare an open market for bullion. As it became rumored that the embargo would be lifted, the market turned highly speculative.

Construction activity was seasonally dull but slightly better than a year ago. Manila permits—practically all residential—were ₱380,000 compared with ₱557,000 in July and ₱352,000 in August 1932.

### Finance

Government finances, by no means comfortable, nevertheless reflected the wholesome results of the 1932 and 1933 decreased budgets and of the Governor-General's staunch attitude for further economy not only for management of 1933 outgo but for his 1934 budget which is without recourse to the small surplus account. Internal revenue collection for Manila (over 70 per cent of the total for the Islands) was 18 per cent over August last year. Land tax payments continued heavily in arrears in several districts to the detriment of ordinary disbursements of municipal and provincial governments.

Banking conditions were not seriously changed from July. There were increases in resources and in investments; decreases in loans, working capital of foreign banks, and in average daily debits.

Report of the Insular Auditor, in millions of pesos:

	Aug. 26	July 29	Aug. 27
Total resources.....	1935	1933	1932
Loans, discounts and over-	227	223	217
drafts.....	97	99	102
Investments.....	49	46	49
Time and demand deposits.	123	123	114

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Net working capital, foreign banks.....	8	9	16
Average daily debits to individual accounts, four weeks ending.....	3.1	3.4	3.0
Circulation.....	118	118	119

#### Sugar

The sugar market was stagnant. The old crop was exhausted and the uncertainty surrounding the Philippine quota under the pending United States marketing agreement restrained dealing in futures on the new crop. General prices opened at P8.00, picul ex-godown, advanced to P8.10, dropped to P7.90, recovered to P8.10 at close. Near the close, Iloilo exporters made fair deals in new crop lots on the basis of P8.25, December-March delivery.

The Philippine Sugar Association's estimate for the 1933-34 campaign which opens November 1, next, is slightly under 1,500,000 short tons. Exports from November 1, 1932 to August 31, 1933 totaled 992,985 long tons of centrifugal and 53,376 long tons of refined.

#### Coconut Products

In the absence of notable dollar-peso exchange fluctuations, the August copra market was influenced only by natural factors. Prices sagged due to an all-time record for receipts at Manila and Cebu and no compensating increase in demand for copra, coupled with declines in United States coconut oil quotations. Crushing was active but some mills reached tank space limits. The cake market continued stagnant and felt the effect of increased duty rates in Sweden. Similar increases were reported in prospect in Norway.

Schnurmacher's price data follows:

	Aug. 1933	July 1933	Aug. 1932
<b>Copra</b>			
Prices, resacada, buyer's godown, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	5.50	6.00	6.90
Low.....	5.00	5.20	6.50
<b>Coconut oil</b>			
Prices, drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.12	0.125	0.15
Low.....	0.115	0.11	0.135
<b>Copra cake and meal</b>			
Prices, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	22.15	23.00	31.50
Low.....	20.75	21.65	30.75



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#### Abaca

The market for abaca declined in the first fortnight but steadied towards the close. Transactions were limited to a small scale due to lack of demand from the United States and Japan. Prices fell from P1.75 to P2.25 per picul in the upper grades; from P1.00 to P2.00 in the medium and lower. Prospects are not bright in view of extraordinarily heavy receipts. Saleeby's prices, September 2, for buyer's warehouse, Manila, in pesos per picul: E, 11.50; F, 10.50; I, 7.50; J-1, 6.50; J-2, 5.25; K, 5.00; L-1, 4.50.

#### Rice

Palay and rice trading was well sustained at a fair volume during August. Palay prices ranged narrowly from P2.50 to P2.80 per 44-kilo sack, on cars Cabanatuan, according to grade. Arrivals at Manila were 207,100 sacks compared 145,908 in July and 133,000 in August 1932.

#### Tobacco

Approximately two-thirds of the present crop was reported sold. The quality is reputed to be unsatisfactory. Estimated August exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps amounted to 1,725,000 kilos.

Cigars exported to the United States and possessions were estimated at 15,000,000 compared 15,228,044 (Customs final) for July and 16,963,355 (Customs final) for August 1932.

## News Summary

### The Philippines



Aug. 17.—Over strenuous opposition from the Osmenia-Roxas group, the House adopts the independence resolution prompted by the *Washington Post* editorial stating that the Filipinos were putting sugar before independence. Senator Osmenia contends that the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act gives immediate independence, as the word "immediate" should not be taken literally as meaning this moment. The resolution declares that the Hawes Act does not provide for immediate independence, and that the "ideal of the Filipino people is and always has been immediate, complete, and absolute independence" and that the "achievement of this ideal has always been the principal concern of the Legislature".

The Governor-General signs the bill providing emergency funds to keep all public elementary schools in operation until the end of the year.

Governor-General Frank Murphy proclaims a "Made-in-the-Philippines" week, and the Manila Trading Center and Exchange is formally opened.

Aug. 18.—A plebiscite plan as regards the Hawes Act is approved by the majority caucus and the Osmenia-Roxas faction endorses it in principle but objects to the proposed three questions, holding that there should be only one question, "Are you in favor of the Independence Law (The Hare-Hawes-Cutting Act)?" to be answered by yes or no. The group also advocates that the plebiscite be made binding upon the Legislature.

Aug. 19.—Senate President Manuel Queson observes his 55th birthday anniversary.

Manuel Camus, head of the Philippine delegation to the conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations being held at Banff, Canada, states that the Japanese would be the only persons who would benefit by Philippine independence and that "acceptance of the Hawes Act was being retarded by fear".

The House passes a budget bill of P42,238,194, less by P241,665 than the bill proposed by the Governor-General. The chamber reduced its own appropriation by P72,488, itemized the appropriations for the University of the Philippines, and reduced the salaries of the resident commissioners from P12,000 to P6,000.

Aug. 21.—Major-General Frank Parker, commander of the Sixth Corps Area at Chicago, is named to succeed Major-General Ewing E. Booth as commander of the Philippine Department.

At a hearing called in Washington to discuss milk by-products it is declared that the Philippines is sending a flood of coconut oil to the United States and that if duties can not be levied on this because of the political status of the Islands, the "Blue Eagle" should be put on the Philippines, placing the Philippines on the same wage basis as the United States. The blue eagle is the symbol of the Roosevelt administration's campaign to put all industries under codes of fair competition providing for minimum wages, maximum hours, and fair prices.

Aug. 22.—The Osmenia-Roxas faction attacks the Sison-Hilario plebiscite bill as "malicious and dishonest in its plan and execution" and objects to inserting in the ballot "capricious interpretations of the Hawes Law". The bill proposes three questions: (1) "Are you in favor of absolute and complete independence within five years, without any military, naval, or other reservations of the United States?" (2) "Are you for the acceptance of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act exactly as it is, that is to say (here follows a summary of the terms of the law)..." (3) "Are you in favor of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare

Act with all its objectionable features, provided the Legislature or the Constitutional convention will secure amendments with reference to (a) military and other reservations, (b) length of time prior to independence, (c) its immigration, economic, and other objectionable provisions".

Aug. 24.—The Senate passes the Governor-General's budget with only minor changes, the bill carrying a total of P42,475,439, and restoring the lump appropriation for the University. Mr. Queson insisted on the reduction of his salary from P16,000 to P14,000, which, minus the 15% economy reduction, is P11,900, the salary of the Speaker of the House being reduced to a similar amount. The Senate and House bills now go to a joint committee.

The National convention plan is gaining ground in the Legislature as time for arranging a plebiscite is growing short. Mr. Queson states that unless a plebiscite law can be agreed upon shortly, there will be no time left to go through the plebiscite process. Both the Senate and the House are working on plebiscite bills, but there is much disagreement. Osmenia states that he favors the convention plan in principle and denies that his group is filibustering.

Mr. Queson at a meeting of the Board of Regents of the University states that the University exceeded its authority in closing the School of Dentistry last year without consulting the Legislature and declared that the School will be reopened this year. He tells the Board that the appropriations for the colleges of law and education should be reduced and there are already too many lawyers and teachers in proportion to the other professions and the needs of the country, and advocates that the University should turn its attention more to the teaching of mining and industrial engineering. He also advises discontinuance of the building program.



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He asserts that the Legislature had a perfect right to dictate how the University should spend its funds.

**Datu Piang, famous Cotabato leader, dies aged 84.** He is survived by several wives and some fifty sons, daughters, and grandchildren. He was at one time a member of the House for Cotabato and two of his sons were also formerly members. A third son is a lawyer and still another a teacher. He gave both money and lands for schools in his district and much of the credit for the peaceful conditions in that part of Mindanao is due to him. He leaves an estate valued at a half million pesos.

**Aug. 25.**—Secretary of Public Works and Communications de las Alas reports that there are some 15,000 radio sets in use in the Philippines of which 3,170 were sold this year. License collections up to August amounted to ₱81,921. The amount paid by the Government to Erlanger & Galingier, operators of Radio Manila, was ₱58,219.

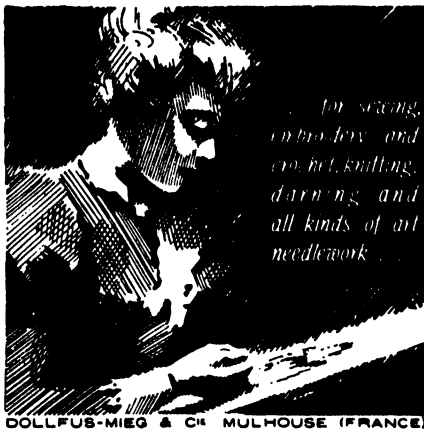
**Aug. 26.**—Brigadier-General Creed F. Cox, chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, informs the Governor-General that the Industrial Recovery Act will not apply to the Philippines due to the "entirely different hour and wage conditions."

**Aug. 28.**—The new railroad connection between Port Rayag and Pamplona, 67 kilometers, on the Manila-Legaspi run, is opened to traffic. The extension comprises about a half of the projected Pamplona-Aloneros line which when completed will connect San Fernando, Union, in the north, with Legaspi, Albay, south.

**Aug. 30.**—Senators Osmeña and Aquino, formerly arch opponents of woman suffrage, express themselves in favor of permitting the women to take part in the plebiscite on the Hawes Act.

**Sept. 1.**—H. M. Bixby, representative of the Pan-American Airways, files an application for a fifty-year franchise between Manila and foreign ports. The Company would pay the Philippine government 1-1/2% of its gross earnings from local operations. Pan-American Airways is the largest operator of airplanes in the world and holds a record of 99-1/2% completed schedules, 60,000,000 passengers carried, and 12,000,000 bags of mail. Its fleets cover 26,000 miles and serve 33 countries. Bixby and his companions will return to Hongkong tomorrow.

**Sept. 4.**—John H. Holliday, until recently Vice-Governor, and Mrs. Holliday leave Manila.



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**Sept. 5.**—The House passes the plebiscite resolution which prepares the way for the discussion of the plebiscite bill itself. The resolution states that inasmuch as the members of the Legislature were elected under a "mandate to work for immediate, complete, and absolute independence" and the Hawes Act does "not provide for this" and its provisions are "not in accord with the specific instructions" sent by the Legislature to the Mission, no action can be taken without first obtaining the "people's sanction", and that therefore a plebiscite will be held "to find out the actual desire of the Filipino people". The action followed a three-day speech by Representative Delgado, author of the resolution.

Representative John D. Dingell, of Michigan, on a brief visit to the Philippines, tells the Legislature "I stand four-square upon the party platform.... Your decision (on the Hawes Act) will be my guide in the future.... I shall do in my small part and in my humble way everything and anything that is possible, taking into consideration the welfare of the people of the Philippines. I am deeply concerned in fair play...."

**Sept. 6.**—Lieut. J. F. Barbajera, Constabulary patrol leader, and six enlisted men, and a Moro outlaw leader, Mahamud and eleven of his followers, are killed in a skirmish at Bud Panamao, Jolo, where Lieutenant Alagar and eleven of his men met their death last October. Lieutenants Deang and Rodriguez were wounded.

**Sept. 7.**—Amando Avanceña, president of the Federation of Negroes Sugar Planters, returning from Washington, where he attended the sugar limitation conference, declares himself in favor of rejecting the Hawes Act, stating that it will be easier to secure a better bill than to get amendments to the Hawes Act.

Judge Juan Sumulong states that a national convention is preferable to a plebiscite because the question is so complex that it should be left to a deliberative body like the Legislature or a special convention.

**Sept. 9.**—It is announced that the Benguet Consolidated Mining Company has concluded an arrangement with the Florante Mining Company whereby the former will undertake to mine certain chrome deposits near Lagonoy, Camarines Sur, bringing a new industry to the Philippines. The deposit, discovered last year, is the only known source of chromium under the United States flag. The metal when added to steel makes it rustless and is used in the manufacture of military and other equipment. The United States imported some 212,000 tons of the metal in 1931, most of which came from South Africa and New Caledonia.

Senator Sergio Osmeña observes his 55th birthday anniversary.

**Sept. 10.**—With the departure of Major-General Booth, Brigadier-General Stanley H. Ford assumes command of the Philippine Department.

### The United States

**Aug. 19.**—President Roosevelt signs the steel, oil, and lumber codes, which will result in the employment of some 400,000 men in new jobs. The oil code was drawn up by General Hugh S. Johnson himself after long controversy and failure on the part of the producers to agree.

**Aug. 22.**—The President instructs Norman H. Davis to return to Geneva for the world disarmament conference, which reconvenes on October 16, to support the French proposal for an international commission to supervise and control arms manufacture throughout the world; the plan of Premier MacDonald to eliminate weapons of offense; and also the stand by the former United States offer to participate in the security and consultative pact which the French demanded in exchange for arms reduction.

**Aug. 24.**—The code of fair competition for retail stores is completed, said to be the greatest trade agreement ever made and affecting 1,500,000 retailers and their employees.

The slaughter of 5,000,000 hogs, principally sows and immature young swine, in the Middle West is begun in order to raise retail prices. The meat will be given to relief agencies.

**Aug. 26.**—The automobile industry's code is approved by the President.

**Aug. 27.**—General Johnson asked the American people "to buy under the Blue Eagle" but to abstain from "boycott, intimidation, and violence".

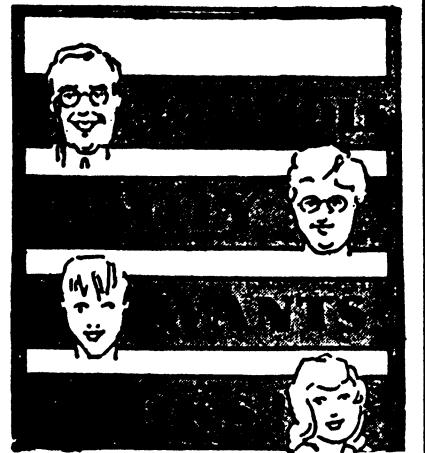
Prof. Raymond Moley, intimate adviser of the President, resigns as assistant secretary of state, effective next month.

**Aug. 29.**—General Johnson warns Henry Ford that unless he joins the rest of the industry under the automobile code, "the people may crack down on him". "No corporation is rich enough to block the nation. There is a popular uprising that is determined to make the recovery program a success".

The President lifts the embargo on shipments of gold from the United States to permit the sale of newly-mined gold abroad, a move which will add millions in profits to gold producers in the United States and other regions under the flag. Restrictions against hoarding, however, are increased.

Officials of the National Recovery Administration inform the executives of the insular territories and possessions of the United States, including the Philippines, that if their industries wish to come under the industrial control program, they would be gladly heard, but that no attempt will be made to compel them to come into line as it is recognized that conditions, especially in the Philippines and Puerto Rico, differ greatly.

**Aug. 31.**—Secretary of War Dern states that the \$80,000,000 program for building military aircraft and mechanizing the army has been postponed pending the outcome of the Geneva conference. He appeared disappointed and said: "It would have given us the kind of army we ought to have as well as being useful as a public works measure". The announcement is interpreted to mean that the United States will make one more effort to achieve some measure of disarmament.



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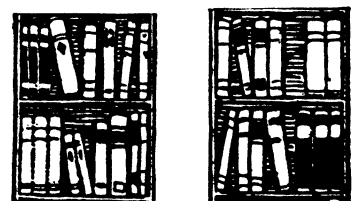
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Sept. 4.—Labor Day celebrations are held throughout the United States under the "Blue Eagle" of the Recovery Administration. Jubilant labor leaders salute the holiday as the dawn of a new era for American labor.

Work on the \$400,000,000 highway construction program is scheduled to begin in nearly every state during the week. Some 25,000 miles of highway are to be built, giving employment to some 850,000 men for 30 weeks.

Sept. 5.—The code for the automobile industry goes into effect with Henry Ford still holding out, and raising wages in his plants for some 10,000 of his 40,000 employees from \$4.00 to \$4.80 a day, but continuing the 5-day week of 8 hours a day.

#### Cuba

Aug. 17.—Renewed violence breaks out in Cuba as agents and associates of Machado, the former president, are hunted down by mobs.

Aug. 23.—The State Department announces that Jefferson Caffery, assistant secretary of state, and Sumner Welles, ambassador to Cuba, will exchange posts effective September 15, Welles thus returning to his old post.

Aug. 24.—Since many of former Machado followers remain in hiding and it was not possible to get together a working congress, Provisional President Cespedes dissolves that body and sets February 24, 1934, as the date for new elections, in the mean time establishing a dictatorship.



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MANILA

Sept. 5.—Soldiers, sailors, and policemen stage a coup d'etat and seize control of the army and navy, and the Cespedes government, less than a month old, prepares to resign in favor of a commission of five men selected by the revolutionaries. The affair was bloodless, but American warships have been ordered to Havana.

Sept. 6.—The new Cuban government composed of a junta of five men, with Ramon Grau San Martin as chairman, guarantees that order will be maintained.

Sept. 9.—Argentina, in reply to President Roosevelt's plea that Latin-American countries urge the necessity of maintaining order upon Cuba, replies expressing admiration for the disinterestedness and sincerity of President Roosevelt's Cuban policy and expressing the opinion that Cuba is capable of adjusting its own internal problems without intervention. Mexico also addressed a note to Argentina, Brazil, and Chile urging them to bring influence to bear in the interest of maintaining order and avoiding American intervention.

Sept. 10.—Cuba's revolutionary junta, defying the threat of a counter revolt on the part of army and navy officers, names Dr. San Martin, former University of Havana professor, provisional president. Dr. San Martin takes the oath of office, making no mention of the constitution, but swearing compliance with the laws and the revolutionary program.

#### Other Countries

Aug. 25.—Japanese representatives at the conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations propose a new peace agreements for the Pacific based on the acceptance of the present status. The Chinese delegates say that the plan would have been satisfactory had not Japan violated various treaties and the covenant of the League of Nations by its actions in Manchuria. Until this wrong has been righted and Manchukuo has been abolished, China will not be a party to any such proposal. Delegates to the conference are said to agree that war is inevitable in the Pacific within the next few years unless government cooperate to solve the rapidly growing complexities and conflicts.

The Japan foreign office announces that Japan has sent a note to France formally claiming sovereignty over all nine of the disputed islands in the South China Sea on the grounds that the Japanese have for years carried on guano gathering enterprises there. A spokesman for South China recently stated that the three-year plan adopted last year by the Canton government provided for the installation of a powerful radio station on one of the islands and that all of them have been in the possession of China for hundreds of years.

Mahatma Gandhi, who renewed his fast after he was rearrested on August 2 and sentenced to two years imprisonment, is unconditionally released, the authorities fearing the political effect of his possible death.

German news agencies, charged with distributing Nazi propaganda, are banished from Austria.

Aug. 26.—At the end of the grand naval maneuvers, the Japanese Emperor reviews the fleet off Yokohama. Altogether 161 ships with a total tonnage of 850,000, practically the entire navy, passed in review while 180 naval airplanes soared overhead. Eight 10,000-ton cruisers stood out among the smaller craft in the armada—the biggest concentration of war craft in the history of the western Pacific.

Aug. 27.—Count Soyefjima of Tokyo states in an interview in Ottawa, Canada, that "the growth of the United States navy is becoming a menace to the peace of the world. . . . The fact that the United States Atlantic fleet is in the Pacific is causing ill feeling in Japan". American naval authorities, however, say that even after the present American building program, the navy will still be 101 ships (204,000 tons) below treaty strength, Britain will be 64 ships (197,000 tons) short, but Japan will be up to maximum treaty strength in 1936 when the London treaty expires. Japan will, in fact, have a surplus tonnage of 6,387. Counting the ships already built and those projected, Japan in 1936 will have 183 war vessels of combat age, Britain 161, and the United States 108; Japan will have 53 submarines as compared with Britain's 39 and America's 24; Britain and Japan will have 6 airplane carriers each, the United States 5.

Kuyuan, strategic border point, southwest of Dolonor in Charhar province, is taken by Japanese and Manchukuo troops. Tang Yu-lin, former governor of Jehol, who has thrown in his lot with the Japanese, was in command of one section of the forces which completed the eviction from eastern Charhar of those elements claimed to be menacing the western frontier of Jehol.

Sept. 1.—Chancellor Hitler proclaims a German culture program, opposed to international pacifism. He declares that the nation will be educated through fascism to become spiritually immune against a "resurgence of democracy and parliamentarism". "Nazism is dedicated to the heroic teaching of the value of blood, race, and personalities". He asserts that the Jews have no real art and that as a result of the Nazi revolution, musicians, sculptors, painters, and architects of the new Germany must be 100% Nordic Aryans.

Sept. 2.—Britain, France, and Italy, in identical notes, approve the plan of Austria to raise a special corps of 8,000 men against "terrorist" elements within the country and on the German border.

Francesco de Pineda, noted Italian airman, who was in Manila in 1925 on the first long-distance flight from Italy to Manila, is killed in an accident in taking off in his heavily loaded plane on a projected flight from New York to Bagdad.

Sept. 7.—Viscount Grey of Fallodon, war-time British foreign minister, dies aged 71. He was chiefly responsible for the entry of Britain into the World War.

Sept. 8.—The Azafia cabinet resigns due to pressure of the opposition elements led by Alejandro Lerroux's radical party.

## HOLLYWOOD ACCLAIMS



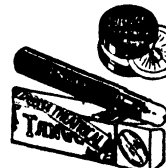
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Sept. 11.—At the trial of the assassins of Premier Inukai, the American "ambition to dominate the Orient" is advanced as justification for the crime. The Washington and London naval treaties were characterized as the "crystallisation of American and British hunger for power".

## The New Books



"C. I. D." Talbot Mundy; Century Company, 286 pp., P4.40.

Another story about Chulander Ghose of the Criminal Investigation Department of one of India's independent states—"combining suspense, horror, humor, and wisdom".

*Mother Sea*, Felix Riesenber; Claude Kendall, 408 pp., P5.50.

A story of sailing ships and women and the men who love them both by the author of "East Side, West Side".

*One Day in October*, Sigurd Hoel; Coward-McCann, Inc., 320 pp., P4.40.

A Norwegian prize novel, "tragic and moving", in form somewhat similar to "Grand Hotel".

*Other Fires*, Maxim Gorki; Appleton & Co., 512 pp., P6.60.

Along with "Bystander" and "The Magnet", Gorki calls this novel his life work, his "ultimate test".

*Servants' Entrance*, Sigrid Boo; Simon & Schuster, 230 pp., P4.40.

A book translated from the Norwegian that has already been translated into a dozen languages—"a simple, gay, and charming book" setting forth the adventures of a young girl of good family who made a bet that she could work for a year as a servant and live on her wages.

*Tales of East and West*, Sax Rohmer; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 352 pp., P4.40.  
Thirteen of the best of Rohmer's shorter stories, published for the "Crime Club".

## General

*The Common Sense of Drinking*, Richard R. Peabody; Little, Brown & Co., 208 pp., P4.40.

Not an argument for or against drinking, but an analysis of the factors involved in excessive drinking and its treatment.

*Dear Devices*, Privately printed by the authors, Manila, 98 pp. P1.00.

A collection of some twenty familiar essays by Antonio Estrada, A. E. Litiato, Maria Luna, Maria Kalaw, Federico Mangahas, Jose A. Lansang, Ariston Estrada, and F. B. Icasiano. Interesting as a first attempt in this literary form in English available in a book.



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*The Elegant Woman*, Gertrude Arets; Harcourt, Brace & Co., 316 pp., P11.00.

An entertaining and informative book, beautifully illustrated, about fashionable women from the Rocco Period to the present, translated from the German by James Laver, "a history of feminine elegance, of the mechanism of seduction, of the morals, the culture, and the fast life from the mid-eighteenth century on."

*Is There a Case for Foreign Missions?* Pearl S. Buck; John Day Co., 30 pp., (paper) P0.55.

"Except for minor editorial changes this pamphlet is identical with the address that Mrs. Buck delivered before a large audience of Presbyterian women at New York City on December 2, 1932. That address, containing as it did sharp criticism and analysis of Christian missions and a clear call for a higher type of missionary, attracted wide attention."

*Kreuger's Billion Dollar Bubble*, Earl Sparling; Greenberg, 286 pp., P5.50.

In a prefatory note the author states: "This, I hope, is something more than a mere life of Ivar Kreuger, or a mere exposure of his methods. Back of Kreuger, making his weird career possible, was a system of industrial ethic, long accepted, long honored. Of it he was both an exponent and a victim. I have tried to reveal that system."

*The March of Democracy*, James Truslow Adams; Scribner's Sons, 448 pp., P7.70.

This volume, "The Rise of the Union", will be followed shortly by the second volume, of "The

March of Democracy", concluding Mr. Adams' vivid narrative history of the American people from the discovery of the New World to 1933.

*The More I See of Men*, Edited by Mabel S. Ulrich; Harper & Bros., 240 pp., P5.50.

"Nine of the shrewdest and most merciless writers of the day hold up man's shrinking naked form for observation—dissect his follies, laugh at his pomposities, and occasionally grant him a modicum of virtue. . . Women will read this book to learn about men. Men will read it to learn—not about themselves—but about women's notions concerning their rightful lords and masters. But whatever the purpose of the reader, men will never look the same again."

*Nudism in England*, Rev. C. E. Norwood; Noel Douglas, 48 pp., (paper) P0.75.

A brief description and defense of the nudist movement in England.

*The West is Still Wild*, Harry Carr; Houghton Mifflin Co., 264 pp., P5.50.

A book, illustrated by Charles Owens, about the Pueblo Indians, the Apaches, the Navajos, Santa Fe, Taos, the Enchanted Mesa, the Hoover Dam, Hollywood. Mr. Carr, the author, was recently in Manila.

## The Planets for October, 1933

By The Manila Observatory



MERCURY sets about one hour after the sun during the month. The planet is in the constellation of Virgo during the first half of the month, and in the constellation, Libra, during the latter half.

VENUS is an evening star visible above the western horizon for two hours after sundown. The planet's brilliancy is now equal to a stellar magnitude of -3.7. On the 15th the planet will be in the constellation, Scorpius, and will set at 8:11 p. m.

MARS is an evening star, but sets before 9 p. m. On the 14th at 8 p. m. the planet will be in conjunction with Venus.

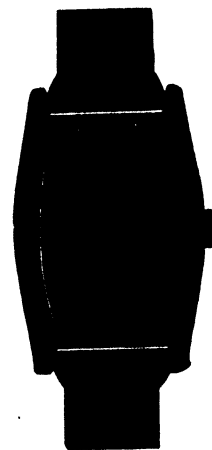
JUPITER is a morning star rising at about 5 a. m. on the 15th. The planet is in the constellation, Virgo, and may be found about ten degrees above the eastern horizon at sunrise.

SATURN is an evening star and sets at 1 a. m. on the 15th. The planet is in the constellation, Capricorn, and at 9 p. m. on the 15th may be found about 60 degrees above the western horizon.

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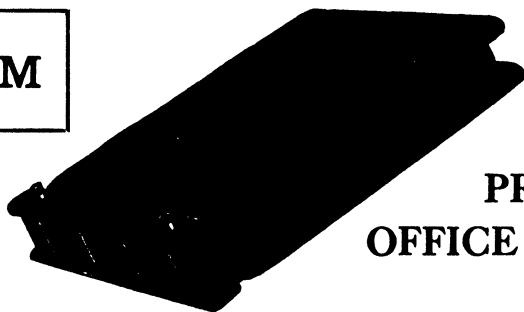
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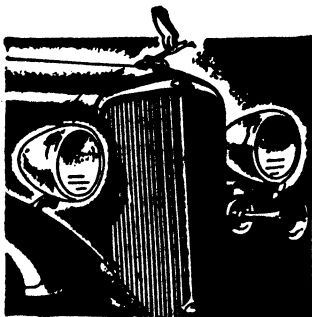
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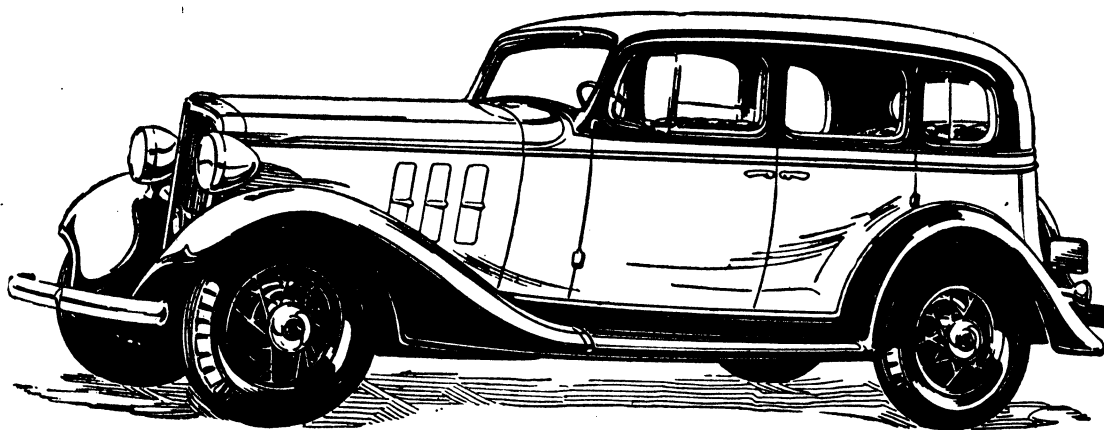
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# PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXX

OCTOBER, 1933

No. 5

## When Man Wants Gold

By Frank Lewis Minton

THE greatest gold rush and mining stock boom in the history of the Philippine Islands is now in progress. Over a dozen new mining, exploration, and development companies have been formed, or are now in process of organization, all within the current year. In the larger sense, the reason for the gold rush, which is not confined to the Philippines, but covers every gold producing country, is that the nations of the world need gold—much gold—and they are willing to pay a premium to get it. And when man wants gold, men will produce it.



The story of our own little gold rush is both amusing and romantic, but that story has no place in this article. Suffice it to say that the Philippine boom was started on paper. It began as a tiny whirlwind, and has swelled to the proportions of a teapot tempest. There are over thirty mining stock brokerage offices in Manila today, all of which are very active, although mostly in small transactions. Speculators eagerly await the launching of new mining projects on the exchange, hoping to get shares at par value, take advantage of the flurry which usually follows the advent of new projects in the mart, and sell out their interests at profits ranging from fifty to three hundred per cent. The more conservative and far sighted investors also await new stock issues, but they buy only with greater knowledge of values, and are not concerned over the superficial flurries that cause daily fluctuations in the "board" values of stocks.

A number of new gold discoveries have been reported during the past few months. Some of these are not actually new, but have been made during the past twenty to thirty years by men who were unaware of their true value, unable to exploit them, and unwilling to invite the coöperation of capital on the prevailing terms. One of these, the Bued River project, which includes an original site located many years ago, reports the finding of concentrated bed-rock deposits worth two thousand dollars gold per cubic meter, and sand running eight hundred dollars gold per cubic meter. The Bontoc prospectors report a considerable area of placer sand averaging thirteen dollars and fifty cents per cubic meter.

The operations in Bontoc have precipitated a miniature war between the non-Christian Igorots inhabiting that district, and the prospectors, in which bloodshed was narrowly averted by the interference of the Constabulary. As a result of this conflict, operations have been temporarily suspended, pending arbitration of the Insular Government to establish the respective rights of the disputants.

The fact that the Philippine Islands are highly mineralized has been known to a few geologists, and others, for more than twenty years; but among the rank and file the erroneous belief still largely obtains that the only important gold producing areas are in the mountain provinces of Luzon, and that all the richest deposits are controlled by two or three companies. In truth, the Philippine Archipelago has many gold-bearing districts, from the northernmost point of Luzon to the southernmost tip of Mindanao. Mindoro is known to be highly mineralized. On this latter island, one company is already producing gold, and several new sites have recently been staked.

Even with our limited development, the Philippines has exported since 1899, the sum of ₱47,747,028 in gold, up to December 31, 1932. Of this amount \$41,692,156 was in bullion, and \$434,542 in gold-bearing ore. Only \$5,520,330 of the total was in gold coins. The following table gives the amounts of the shipments by years:

GOLD EXPORTS, 1899-1932 INCLUSIVE

Year Values	Ore Dollars	Bullion Dollars	Coins Dollars	Total Dollars
1899		2,426,655	1,060,395	3,487,050
1900	3,550	2,365	587,228	593,143
1901	5,950	3,150	848,463	852,563
1902	222		314,295	314,517
1903	100		63,440	63,540
1904	3,085	3,250	80,670	87,005
1905	258		10,340	10,598
1906	5,010	750	10,000	15,760
1907	3,570	90,254	3,982	92,806
1908	1,813	215,437	53,183	170,433
1909		297,597	486,534	734,131
1910	14,746	139,684	345,238	499,668
1911	9,898	180,105	90,650	280,603
1912	10,410	559,802		570,212
1913	8,882	859,480		868,362
1914	141,722	1,068,760	7,500	1,217,982
1915	11,848	1,293,143	28,500	1,334,491
1916	175	1,493,434	3,100	1,496,659
1917	12,010	1,348,642	406,357	1,807,009
1918		936,969		936,969
1919	50,000	921,576	50	971,576
1920	10,250	1,161,693		1,171,943
1921	25,542	1,305,146	5,500	1,336,188
1922	16,472	1,433,956		1,450,428
1923	27,767	1,653,838	100	1,681,705

1924	12,459	1,724,473	790,000	2,526,932
1925	7,842	1,931,059	75,000	2,013,901
1926	13,175	1,933,380		1,946,554
1927	11,534	1,588,600		1,600,134
1928	750	1,865,176		1,865,926
1929	19,176	3,281,217	200,000	3,500,393
1930	4,100	3,730,641		3,734,741
1931	1,452	3,765,675		3,767,127
1932	375	5,035,746		5,036,121
34 years	434,542	41,692,156	5,520,330	47,747,028

In June, 1932, the *World's Work* reported that the Balatok mine, sixty-five per cent of which is owned by the Benguet Consolidated Company, paid the highest dividend per ton of milled ore of any mine in the world. In 1916 the Benguet Consolidated paid its first dividend, of \$50,000.00. Yet gold mining failed to create more than a casual interest among Manila residents, and practically none in the provinces. Why?

Well, in the Philippines, prior to the post-war trade slump, it was too easy for us to make money in less strenuous lines of endeavor. One opened a store, ordered goods at, for example, ₱1.00 per unit of value. These goods one promptly sold at, say, ₱4.00 per unit. Most merchants made money because they could not do otherwise unless they threw away their money in riotous living, or loaned it on insufficient security—or—mistaking the requirements of this market, ordered large stocks of goods unsuited to the needs or tastes of the local consumer.

Then came the depression which, with the exception of

some spasmodic fluctuations, has grown steadily worse. Hundreds of merchants in our over-crowded business community went bankrupt, absconded, or wisely closed their doors while they still possessed a small cash reserve. Two years ago we thought the depression had reached its lowest ebb. It had not. A little later a pioneer broker started out to sell stock in mining development projects. Eventually the idea caught on. It was a chance to make money, when there was no money in the merchandising game.

Within a few months many Manila businessmen were buying gold mining stock. Some were even organizing mining companies, and financing prospecting projects. At present not less than five new Mining concerns are in process of organization, or re-organization. And it is not difficult to find capital. Today it is easier to finance a gold mining project than any other.

On the whole, the gold mining boom has been beneficial. It has put hoarded money into circulation, has increased retail trade. Best of all it has made us "gold conscious", has awakened to the idea of developing one of our most important resources. Doubtless some will lose in the scramble for easy money; but just as surely others will win. And the wealth of the silent hills will be brought forth, commerce and industry will revive, and quiet old Manila will again become a thriving city.

## The Hinal-o or Pestle Dance

By Beato A. de la Cruz

THE *Hinal-o* or Pestle Dance was at one time very popular among the people of the South, especially in the northwestern Visayan provinces. The dance takes its name from the *hal-o* or pestle, ordinarily used for pounding rice in a mortar, but used in this strange and dangerous dance with remarkable skill by the performers.

I saw the dance for the first time in the small town of Malinao in Aklan, Capiz. One Saturday in August, during the harvest season, I had been invited to a *limbok* party in one of the barrios of that municipality. *Limbok*, by the way, is a delicacy made from young rice grains, first mildly toasted and browned and then pounded in a mortar until grain of rice has been flattened out and the husks eliminated. It is especially delicious with a little cow's milk or the milk of the coconut and sugar.

After a delightful repast, the young men and women present decided to hold a sort of a "program". There were songs and such folk-dances at the *Tio Doroy*, the *Dandansoy*, and the *Lolay*, and then, after a special announcement, came the *Hinal-o* or Pestle Dance.

First, four of the pestles used in making the *limbok* we had eaten were brought into a circular cleared space in the midst of the eager onlookers. Those in front had to squat down to give the people in the rear a chance to view the performance. Children were lifted on their fathers' shoulders. Those in the house hung out of the windows or



were crowded on the outside stairs, and a number of spectators found seats in nearby trees.

Four well-built young men now stepped forward, dressed in brightly colored *camisas* and short red pants. Bowing proudly to the crowd and smiling at the applause that greeted them, they arranged

the four pestles, placing two short pestles parallel on the ground, about four or five feet apart, and laying two other longer pestles on top of them to make a rectangle.

Two of the men now crouched at the two ends of the rectangle and each lifted his ends of the two long pestles, one in his left and the other in his right hand, and dropped them with a bang on the two short pestles upon which they had rested, producing a rich, agreeable sound.

Then the other two men, who were the real dancers, took a standing position, one at each side of the rectangle, but at opposite ends and not directly facing each other. They were ready for the dance in which a misstep would lame them for life.

An old man with a guitar and a still mellow voice began a lively song in three-four time about a certain legendary personage in the all but lost folklore of the people.

The two crouching men lifted the heavy pestles a foot or so above the ground, struck them together two times, and then brought them down against the other two short pestles lying stationary on the ground. Then up came the

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# Midsummer

By Baldomero Estabillo

HE pulled down his hat until the wide brim touched his shoulders. He crouched lower under the cover of his cart and peered ahead. The road seemed to writhe under the lash of the noon-day heat; it swung from side to side, and humped and bent itself like a fleeing serpent, and disappeared behind the spur of a low hill on which grew a scrawny thicket of bamboo.

There was not a house in sight. Along the left side of the road ran the deep dry gorge of a stream, the banks sparsely covered by sun-burned cogon grass. In places, the rocky, waterless bed showed aridly. Farther, beyond the shimmer of quivering heat waves rose ancient hills not less blue than the cloud-palisaded sky. On the right stretched a sandy waste of low rolling dunes. Scattered clumps of hardy ledda relieved the otherwise barren monotony of the landscape. Far away he could discern a thin indigo line that was the sea.

The grating of the cartwheels on the pebbles of the road and the almost soundless shuffle of the weary bull but emphasized the stillness. Now and then came the dry rustling of falling earth as lumps from the cracked sides of the gorge rolled down to the bottom.

He struck at the bull with the slack of the rope. The animal broke into a heavy trot. The dust stirred slumbrously. The bull stopped after a short distance, threw up his head, and a glistening thread of saliva spun out into the dry air and vanished abruptly. The driving rays of the sun were reflected in points of light on the wet, heaving flanks.

The man in the cart did not notice the woman until she had rounded the spur of land and stood unmoving beside the road, watching the cart and its occupant come toward her. She was young, barefoot, and surprisingly sweet and fresh amidst her parched surroundings. A gayly striped headkerchief covered her hair, the ends tied at the nape of her neck. She wore a homespun bodice of light red cloth with small white checks. Her skirt was also homespun and showed a pattern of white checks with narrow stripes of yellow and red. With both hands she held by the mouth a large, apparently empty, water jar, the cool red of which blended well with her dress.

She stood straight and still beside the road and regarded him with unfeigned curiosity. Suddenly she turned and quickly disappeared into the dry gorge. Coming to where

she had stood a few moments before, he pulled up the bull and got out of the cart. He saw where a narrow path had been cut into the bank. Pushing back his hat, he stood a while lost in thought, absently wiping the perspiration from his face. Coming to a decision he unhitched his bull and for a few moments, with strong brown fingers, kneaded the hot neck of the beast. Then, driving the animal before him, he followed the path. It led up the dry bed of the stream. There was no sign of the young woman. The hot rocks scorched his feet.

He came upon her beyond a bend in the gorge, where a big mango tree, which had partly fallen from the side of the ravine, cast its cool shade over a well.

She had filled her jar and was rolling the headkerchief around her hand. She placed the flat coil on her head for the jar to rest on. Without as much as glancing at him, where he had stopped some distance off, she sat down on her haunches before the jar, gathering the folds of her skirt between her wide-spread knees. She tilted the brimful jar to remove part of the water. One hand on the rim, the other supporting the bottom, she began to raise the jar to her head. She knelt on one knee, resting for a moment the jar on the other while she brushed away drops of water from the sides. In one lithe movement, she brought the jar onto her head, getting

to her feet at the same time. But she staggered a little and water from the jar splashed down on her breast. The single bodice instantly clung to her bosom, molded the twin hillocks of her breasts warmly brown through the wet cloth. One arm remained uplifted holding the jar, while the other shook the clinging cloth free of her drenched flesh. Then not once having raised her eyes, she passed by the young man who had stood mutely gazing beside his bull. The animal had found some grass beside the path and was industriously grazing.

He turned to watch the graceful figure beneath the jar until it vanished around the bend in the path leading to the road. Then he led the bull to the well, and tethered it to a root of the mango tree.

"The underpart of her arm is white and smooth," he said to his blurred image on the waters of the well as he leaned over before lowering the bucket made of a petroleum can.



*From a painting by Fernando Amorsolo*  
The Girl with the Jar

"And her hair is thick and black". The bucket struck with a rattling impact. It filled with one long gurgle. He threw his hat on the grass and pulled the bucket up with both hands. The twisted bamboo rope bit into his hardened palms. He took a moment to wonder how the same rope must hurt her.

He placed the dripping bucket on a flat stone. The bull drank. "Son of lightning!" he said, thumping the side of the bull after he had drunk the third bucketful, "you drink like the great Kabuntitiao!" A low, rich rumbling rolled through the cavernous body of the beast. He led him again to the tree and tied him to the root, and the animal idly rubbed his horns against the wood. The sun had fallen from the perpendicular and noticing that the bull stood partly exposed to the sun, he pushed him farther into the shade. He fanned himself with his hat. He whistled to entice the wind from the sea, but not a breeze stirred.

After a while he put on his hat and hurriedly walked the short distance through the gorge up to the road where his cart stood. From inside he took a jute sack which he slung over one shoulder. With the other arm, he gathered part of the hay at the bottom of the cart. He returned to the well, slips of straw falling behind him as he picked his way from one tuft of grass to another, for the broken rocks of the path had grown unbearably hot to his bare feet.

He gave the hay to the bull. Its rump was again in the sun, and he had to push it back. "Fool, do you want to broil yourself alive?" he said good-humoredly, slapping the thick haunches. It switched its long-haired tail and fell to eating. The dry, sweet-smelling hay made a gritting sound as the hungry animal chewed away. Saliva rolled out from the corners of his mouth, clung to the stiff hairs that fringed the thick lower lip, fell and gleamed and evaporated in the heated air.

He took out of the jute sack a polished coconut shell. The top had been sawed off and holes bored at opposite sides through which a string tied to the lower part of the shell passed in a loop. The smaller piece could be slid up and down as cover. The coconut shell contained cooked rice still a little warm. Buried on the top was an egg now boiled hard. He next brought out a bamboo tube of salt, a cake of brown sugar wrapped in banana leaf, and some dried shrimps. Then he spread the sack in what remained of the shade, placed his simple repast thereon, and prepared to eat his dinner. But first he drew a bucketful of water from the well, which he set on a rock. He seated himself on another rock and ate with his fingers. From time to time he drank from the bucket.

He was half through his meal when the girl came down the path once more. He watched her with lowered head as she approached. He felt a difficulty in continuing to eat, but went through the motions of filling his mouth nevertheless. He strained his eyes looking at the girl from beneath his eyebrows. How graceful she was! Her hips tapered smoothly down to rounded thighs and supple legs, showing through her skirt and moving straight and free. Her shoulders, small but firm, bore her shapely neck and head with shy pride.

When she was very near, he ate more hurriedly so that he almost choked. He did not look at her. She reached the

well at last. She placed the jar between three stones. When she picked up the rope of the bucket, he came to himself. He looked up—straight into her face. He saw only her eyes. They were brown and they were regarding him very gravely, without embarrassment. She returned his gaze with such fearlessness that he himself forgot his timidity.

"Won't you join me, *ading?*" he said simply. He remained seated.

Her lips parted in a half smile and a dimple appeared momentarily on her right cheek. She shook her head and said: "God reward you, *manong.*"

"Perhaps the poor food I have is not fit for you?"

"No, no. It isn't that. How can you think of it? I would be ashamed. It is that I have just eaten myself. That is why I come to get water in the middle of the day—we ran out of it suddenly. I see you have eggs and shrimps and sugar. Why, we had nothing but rice and salt."

"Salt? Surely you joke."

"I would be ashamed . . ."

"But what is the matter with salt?"

*'Salt, salt, salt  
Makes the baby stout' "*

he intoned. "My grandmother used to sing that to me when I complained of our food."

They laughed as at a joke. They felt more at ease and regarded each other more openly. He took a long time fingering his rice before raising it to his mouth, the while he gazed up at her and smiled for no reason at all. She smiled back in turn and gave the rope which she held an absent-minded tug. The bucket came down from its perch of rock in a miniature flood. He leaped to his feet with a surprised yell and the next instant the jute sack on which lay his meal was drenched. Only the rice inside the coconut shell and the cake of sugar which he was on the point of eating were saved from being soaked in the water.

She was distressed, but he only laughed.

"It is nothing," he said. "It was time I stopped eating. I am filled up to my neck."

"Forgive me, *manong.*" she insisted. "It was all my fault. Such a clumsy creature I am."

"It was not your fault at all," he assured her. "And you are not a clumsy creature. I am more to blame for placing the bucket of water where I did."

"I will draw you another bucketful of water," she said, beginning to coil the rope.

"I will draw the water myself," he said. "I am much stronger than you."

"No, you must let me do it."

But when he caught hold of the bucket and stretched forth a brawny arm for the coil of rope in her hands, she surrendered both to him quickly and drew back a step as though shy of his touch. He lowered the bucket with his back to her. She had time to take in his tall figure, the breadth of his shoulders, and the sinewy length of his legs. Down below in the small of his back, two parallel ridges of rope-like muscle stuck out against the wet shirt. As he hauled up the bucket, muscles rippled all over his body.

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# Philippine Day at the Chicago "Century of Progress Exposition"

By R. B. Blackman

**W**HEN our Philippine Legislature failed to make an appropriation for Philippine participation in the greatest exposition yet held in America, the Philippine Tourist Association bravely stepped into the gap, to do what it could with the limited means at its disposal. The Filipino flag floats at Chicago, thanks to the initiative of our private citizens.

First, an introduction to Chicago and the great exposition, for the latter is a setting in the second greatest city of the United States, and takes much of its character from its absorption of the spirit that dominates this progressive metropolis of the Lakes, Queen of the Middle West.

## Chicago

Chicago one hundred years ago, 1833, was a group of huts clustering around log-built Fort Dearborn, its feet in Lake Michigan mud, in a constant fear of Indian attacks.

Swept almost clean, in 1871, by a consuming fire after thirty-eight years of rapid growth, the 100,000 homeless people set about building a modern city, which was yet hardly completed when the Columbian Exposition in 1893 was held, commemorative of the landing of Columbus in America.

Today, one hundred years after its founding, Chicago looks northward over the Lake and southward and westward over the whole Mississippi valley, center of thirty-three railroad trunk lines, a train entering on an average of every fifty-eight seconds, year in and out. Its six thousand miles of streets and eighty-four of boulevards are lined by towering buildings and beautiful homes, around it lie hundreds of stock yards, packing houses, factories, ten thousand industries, commercial giants of manufacture and distribution. The population of 4,000,000, growing at a rate of 70,000 a year, finds not only ample place to live, but has nearly 2,500 hectares of public parks and over 14,000 hectares of picnic and playgrounds for free use in and just around the city. No more are Chicago's feet in the mud, for enough mud has been pumped out the lake and marshes to raise the city fourteen feet above high water level. Some 40,000,000 people live within a night ride—a population greater than that of Great Britain and France, equal to that of Germany.

Chicago has six famous libraries, an Art Institute, the Great Field Museum, the Shedd Aquarium, a twenty million dollar home of grand opera, a great Symphony Orchestra, a Museum of Science and Industry, the wonderful and only Adler Planetarium, three hundred grade schools, forty high schools, and colleges and universities that enroll 40,000 students.



Court of Honor, Hall of Science

## The Exposition

Having planned its one-hundredth birthday celebration before the crash of 1929, Chicago was checked by the depression, but not dismayed. The city determined to carry on in spite of all obstacles, and the Exposition is the achievement of all its dreams. Under the leadership of Rufus C. Dawes, seconded by committees of the ablest men of America, it was a steady march toward the goal, the best and greatest peoples' exposition ever held in the world. For this is truly an Exposition of Science and Industry, not in the spirit of pride, but of instruction, not for advertisement, but for education. Exhibitors were asked to show processes and methods of manufacture rather than finished products, to show the old beside the new, the crude beside the improved and perfected. In almost every section, this has been carried out. The Exposition is historical as well as educational in all lines of modern activity. It is the greatest and most fascinating school ever set up for the average citizen. He not only sees, but hears everywhere, careful explanations of everything,

and in many cases is allowed and asked to participate in the carrying out of the experiments. Those who never studied science can here go to school and get a very good idea of what "it is all about." They see how their common household conveniences are actually made, they see their automobiles built and assembled, painted, motored, tuned up, and inspected, and run off the floor under their own power.

In short, they see Science and Applied Science in the arts and industries through the eyes of the engineer, the expert. They go into the laboratories with him, and into the shops and factories. Science and Industry have laid their cards on the table here in Chicago, as they are now doing in Washington. This friendliness, frankness, and straightforward confidence will win them millions of friends in the Century of Progress Exposition. It is a striking illustration



A Visayan Dance

of the American method of securing the goodwill of the consumer—the public.

A noticeable feature is the ample space allowed for streets and parks within the Exhibition grounds. There are also plenty of seats, rest rooms, and toilets. Tired people can always find a place to sit down and rest. Food and drinks are plentiful and cheap. The evident intention of the management was to make every possible provision for comfort and convenience. Our own Philippine Carnival authorities could learn a lesson here.

### The Site Created for the Exposition

When the question of a suitable site was considered, it was seen that to find the necessary extension of land, in a place available to the people, was an impossibility. It did not exist. It had to be created. But where? Of course, the Lake Front. There was Jackson Park, but it was much too small. So the park was extended into the lake, and a large island added, all the necessary filling pumped up from the bottom of the lake, great stone breakwaters built, all the new land laid out in parks, streets, boulevards, car-parking lots, with bridges over the lagoons, water, gas, and electric services installed—all in preparation for the buildings of the Exposition.

Then came the erection of the most strikingly modern and beautiful architectural creations than have yet been seen by man. They are like nothing ever before erected. Pictures can only give a faint idea of their forms. Almost all are windowless—with artificial lighting and air-conditioned ventilation. All are of strong material, steel principally, yet so built that they can easily be taken down and

their materials sold. Other expositions have been classic in architecture, but the Century of Progress Exposition is not only modern but highly futuristic in its trends. It shows what will probably be our building styles and methods during the coming decades.

If one can lose oneself in admiration of the great piles of tower, façade, and wings in all their striking colors by day, the scene by night finds no words to describe it. The keynote is Light—the new light of the glass tube, air-withdrawn, gas-filled, glowing in all its strange forms, in fluted columns that climb into the night sky, in strange peaks and puzzling outlines. Buildings known by day are, when the lights come on after the long northern twilight, converted into new and unfamiliar shapes. One loses his sense of location, seeming to have been suddenly transported into another and stranger dream city.

### The Philippine Exhibit

In the most modernistic of all the buildings, the great Hall of Transportation, with its floating dome, in a central location on the second floor, where 100,000 people pass it daily, the Tourist Association has set up its Philippine booth—not large, not well stocked with the varied products of the Philippines, long on articles from the non-Christian peoples, short or wholly devoid of representative manufactures and art work, needle and weaving, pottery and carving; yet, in view of the failure of our Philippine Legislature to provide an appropriation, a great deal better than nothing. The Tourist Association and Mr. James King Steele deserves our thanks and congratulations. People who have had their first contact with things Philippine and the Filipinos may not carry away an accurate, complete, balanced impression of our peoples and activities and resources, but after all what does it matter? There is so much to be seen, there are so many exhibits that so tower over and attract the interest and leave so much deeper



Filipino Orchestra and Chorus Ensemble in Native Songs

impressions that, had we over ten times as much in our Philippine exhibit, it would still be insignificant compared to others around it. It is indeed a small spot in the huge Travel and Transportation Building, which is itself only one of the hundreds of great units and groups of buildings that

cover the 172 hectares of this 12,000,000 dollar Exposition. yet there it is, holding its place, drawing the interest of the throngs that pass daily before it.

## Philippine Day

Saturday, August 5, is the Philippine Day, as the many bulletin boards around the grounds announce. Others too, have their "days", with parades and speeches, noise and fun. Ours is modest, and some of it not for the public.

We start the day, at 10:30 a. m., with a radio conversation between our Governor-General, Hon. Frank Murphy, in Manila, and President Dawes and other officials of the Exposition. This should have been broadcasted in the Exposition, but it was not—the reasons for which we do not know. From the United States end went short speeches by President Dawes and other officials, including Mr. Steele.

At 1:00 p. m. a luncheon was given to Exposition officials by the Philippine Tourist Association in one of the Chicago hotels at which liquid refreshments and somewhat dry and perfunctory speeches were the usual order.

This was followed by a parade of the party to the grounds, with police escort, met at the gates by a guard of honor, courtesy of the Exposition.

At 3:00 p.m. in the spacious court of honor of the Transportation Building where a platform had been erected and chairs placed, a program was rendered for all who cared to stop and sit an hour under the burning sun of a Chicago afternoon. Many took the opportunity offered by a free show, as Exposition crowds always do, yet not all the chairs were occupied, nor could all suffer the baking of a full stay.

After a few introductory words by Mr. Steele, the Filipino anthem was sung by a chorus of forty Filipino men and women, accompanied by two string orchestras. This was followed by a response by President Dawes of the Exposition, who sat on the platform, an interested spectator, during the entire program.

Followed the unfurling of the Filipino flag on a mast by the platform, the rope pulled by President Dawes that allowed the flag to take its place on the left of the American flag that already floated in the lake breeze.

After an orchestra number, well applauded, Toastmaster Steele called on some American



"Maggie" Calloway in new Moro Dance

friends of the Philippines who were in the audience, to step to the platform and before the microphone and make such remarks as the time and place inspired in them. Among these were Burton Holmes, famed traveler and writer of books on travel and gatherer of pictures from all over the world, whose first trip to the Philippines was in 1899, when, with great difficulty and in some danger, he went as far north as San Fernando, Pampanga. Another speaker was Floyd Gibbons, well known by many residents in our Islands.

Among the other numbers presented, all well received, were the following:

Dance—"La Cariñosa".....	Miss Francisca Dacanay
	Mrs. Basalzo and Partners
Filipino Folk Songs.....	Mr. Roman Crispo
Filipino Dance—"La Surtido".....	Miss Ronquillo, Miss Mangabin
	Miss Guansitao and Partners
Visayan Folk Songs.....	Mr. Alfredo Cruz
	Mr. Arturo Beltran
Dance—Fandango.....	Miss Rosario Regalato and Partner
Filipino Folk Song.....	Mr. Crispulo Pasqual
Moro Dance.....	Miss Magdalena Calloway
Chorus of all voices.....	"Mabuhay"

An extra on the program was an exhibition of yo-yo spinning by two very capable Filipino boys who exhibited all the known Island forms, with some American and Chicago tricks added.

The dancing was, of course, as good as could be expected from those who could be found in Chicago, for there were no funds to bring our best dancers from the Islands. Mr. Gibbons, commenting on the grace and rythm of our dances, remarked that he was in favor of importing them to replace the rather graceless and unpleasing forms at present so popular in America.

All the Filipino girls presented were in appropriate dress, either the classic mestiza or the Balintawak, although the style and materials used would be considered rather common and not quite modern in Manila. It is not to be expected that Filipinos so far from their homeland could keep up to the last minute in the cut and hang of these rather in-



Filipino String Band

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# Necromancy In The Barrio

By Maximo Ramos

**A**RE you after a girl who, no matter what the position of the moon is when you go to her house, immediately vanishes into an inner room and does not come out again until after you have left? That is but one of the many difficulties about which you may go to the barrio necromancer. If you ask his help in this case, for instance, he will advise you as follows:



## The Conquering Cigarette

Ask one who trades with the Negritos to procure for you a *calumbay lo-o*. This is a plant that grows on slippery mountain ridges, and is difficult to obtain otherwise. The leaves of this mountain plant are like a whorl of fluffy cat-tails growing profusely from a heart-shaped base. You bring the plant to the necromancer, who will select for you the tip of one of the leaves. You dry this tip over a stove, and after three days, cut it into tiny bits and roll them into a cigarette. Then you are ready for the conquest.

It is not often that the girl goes alone to the river to fill her earthen jar with drinking water, but if you wait patiently, the chance will come. The best thing for you to do is to hide yourself near the footpath away from the houses. The girl must be alone, unless you want to marry two girls at one and the same time, which is not done nowadays. The moment you see her hurrying down the path (a sure sign that she is alone), light the "cigarette", inhale a lungfull of the smoke, and jump out at her. She will be frightened and will start to run home. But don't lose courage. Keep beside her and puff the smoke in her face. The first puff will not produce any observable effect; she will keep on running like a scared mouse. But at the second, she will slacken her pace. At the third puff, she will drop her jar and fling herself into your arms. And at the fourth, she will make you promise to bring your parents to her house at once to make the arrangements with her parents as to the pigs and chickens to be killed before the full moon wanes. But be sure not to administer more than four puffs or else she will never, even for a moment, leave your arms, and you will realize in the end that no life can be more miserable than that of a man with such a wife.

## Black Magic with the Hair-and-Egg

Although the barrio necromancer is not so generous to girls with a similar problem, he is always willing to help them protect themselves from evil. He tells them, for instance, never to neglect their hair, especially the hair that grows at the top of the head. For if a man with evil designs, or his agents, can steal one such whole hair, he can make the girl crazy by doing either of two things, both simple. He can get a needle whose eye is broken, and with the notch insert the hair into a newly laid egg. That done, he has but to subject the egg to a little boiling to cause the owner of the hair to lose her reason and begin screaming things no woman should ever be permitted to scream.

## Sorcery with the Water Bug

The other way to work harm with the stolen hair is to tie it around the body of a water strider and set the bug free on the water. The moment the insect starts to dart across the water, the owner of the hair will leap into the street and commence crying out unwomanly things. The harm done is more than that produced by the needle-and-egg procedure, because the victim can never be cured. When the water bug has been loosed on the water, it can never be found again, nor the hair around its body. In the case of the hair-in-the-egg, however, when the egg breaks, the victim's sanity returns.

## Bedeveling a Thief

It is not young people's problems alone that the witch doctor of the barrio is interested in, however. In fact he has a remedy for almost anything that needs to be remedied. If a thief has stolen your chickens or the rice under your house, for example, and you want to inflict some real punishment on the thief, here is the procedure the necromancer suggests to you:

With a coconut shell, pick up the thief's footprint, pour the earth into an old pot, and heat it over the fire. Then get a bamboo tube, pour the scorched earth into it, and stop it up with black cloth. As long as the earth is hot, the thief will have a burning fever; and you can heat it again after it has cooled off, if you want to punish the thief further.

## How to See the Spirits

The necromancer knows of a good many ways by which a man may acquire the power to do supernatural things. Perhaps the simplest of these ways is that by which one may enable himself to see the spirits that sail through the air on windy nights. When at night the dogs sit under a tree and howl, you may be sure that they are seeing spirits. You just have to steal among the dogs, rub your eyes against those of one of them, crouch on all fours, and look up. You will see everything that the dogs are howling at.

## Charms to Acquire Invisibility

By doing either of two things, you may even acquire invisibility. One way is to acquire possession of the bones of the nighthawk. This bird is very difficult to see on its nest on the bare sands, but if you can kill the bird with a stone at night, bury it on the spot where it falls. Then, after the seventh week, go and dig up the bones, wash them with river sand, and place them in your pocket. As long as the bones are in your pocket, no one can see you; you can not even see yourself.

The other way to acquire the power of invisibility, according to the medicine-man of the barrio, is much more seldomly practiced. It is believed by the barrio folk that no one has ever seen the cattle-egret's egg because it is in-

visible, and that he who has with him the egg of this bird will possess the same strange property. The only way a man can get this egg is by looking at the reflection of the bird's nest on the water while feeling for it among the branches of the overhanging tree in which the nest rests.

### The Magic Banana "Stone" for Strength

To acquire strength and courage, one must swallow and keep in one's mouth for one night the "stone" of a banana flower that faces east. By the way, every kind of plant is believed to possess a "stone", a certain mysterious object that the otherworld inhabitants of the plant play with. The "stone" of each kind of plant varies in kind and in properties from the "stones" of all other plants. The "stone" of the banana is a magic object the size of a man's big toe, which glows like a live coal. During still evenings it flits wildly among the banana tops, but when there happens to be a bud turned toward the east (an extremely rare occurrence), this "stone" remains with the flower for a number of nights, flitting around the banana heart.

To obtain this magic object, one must erect a bamboo platform under the banana flower, and at moonrise climb up the scaffold, catch the banana "stone", and swallow it. Instantly the huge, black guardians of the banana "stone" will appear and try to wrest their plaything away from the intruder. As these guardians are capable of walking the air, the battle-ground will be not only the scaffold but also the air, up to the level of the banana tops. If the man lets the "stone" out of his mouth, he becomes crazy; but if until daylight he succeeds in keeping the prize, the unearthly beings will vanish, and he will become the strongest man in all the villages around.

### The Black Pebble at the Heart of the Whirlwind

But mere strength and courage is nothing compared to the power of walking through the air, which, according to the barrio necromancer, is an ability that may be acquired. If a strong whirlwind comes your way, throw your hat into the center of the whirlpool. If, after the wind subsides, the hat has not been overturned, go and feel underneath

the hat without lifting it from the ground. You will find a black pebble, the possession of which will enable you to walk in the air. I leave it to you to imagine what things you might do being able to walk in the air and by possessing invisibility.

### How to Bring a Tardy Husband Home

If you are a wife, there are times when your husband goes away and fails to return at the promised time. You have but to tie his old shirt around a post and give it a good beating, and soon he comes running home, panting.

### Charm to Cure a Lazy Husband

Or perhaps he is a man who gets up in the morning only when he hears the rattle of the coconut-shell dishes in the kitchen. For him the witch-doctor offers you an excellent cure. About sunset on Good Friday go to a banana grove and look for a shoot whose tip has just broken out of the ground. Stand still beside it, and when the rim of the descending sun is as thin as a blade of grass, stoop down, bare your teeth, and bite off the tip of the shoot. When that is done, hurry back home, cut the sucker into tiny bits, cook it with rice, and feed it to your husband. After that, the sun will never see him in bed again.

### The Seed that Drives Away Evil Spirits

Or do you have little children? You should know that evil spirits are always around, ready to work harm whenever they are in the humor—unless they are prevented by us. By all means, if you want that nothing harmful will befall your children, procure some *saddiat* beads and tie them around their necks and wrists. These beads are made of small brown seeds obtainable from any Negrito trader. *Saddiat* beads protect their wearer from evil spirits. If the spirits haunt your house, you can easily drive them away by burning three or four of the seeds with the same number of chicken's feathers on coals placed on a pot-lid. From that time on, until a new child is born, your house will be free from spirits with evil designs. And may your tribe increase!

## Grief

By Abelardo Subido

YOU promised to be true, yet in the night  
When Death, the ardent lover, called to you  
Out of the shadows fringed with misty light,  
You followed him. O Love, you are untrue!  
I can not reach you with my voiceless call,  
I can not find the darksome haunts of Death.  
Within my room I gaze upon the wall,  
Resigned unto my fate. . . . I feel the breath  
Of unseen powers against my pallid face.  
I hear a nightbird call out of its nest  
That makes me think of coming cheerless days . . .  
I press the thought of you close to my breast.  
God! give me strength to bear this crushing grief;  
You taught me that our worldly joys are brief.

## Conquered

By Celestino M. Vega

MY thoughts are strong desires  
Winging their way to God!  
But each time I behold young bamboos  
Reaching upward, seeking His throne,  
Only to bend their heads to earth at last,  
I, too, conquered, am silent.

## Nunc Dimittus

By Aurelio Alvero

ANOTHER day is over, Lord,  
I give it now to Thee,  
And let it be a golden bead  
On my Life's rosary.

# O'Keefe—Last of the North Pacific Pirates

By H. V. Costenoble

**T**HIS story, by a former German resident of the Pacific islands, recounts how the Germans broke the power and ended the known career of O'Keefe, the last of the long line of Caucasian sea rovers—raiders, smugglers, and slavers—who established themselves on wild islands, married chiefs' daughters, and ruled as kings. The fact that they did not fly the black flag does not signify that they were not pirates. O'Keefe used whatever flag suited his purpose of the moment. His headquarters toward the end of his career was the island of Yap in the Carolines, probably selected by him because its people considered themselves the rulers of all the islands of the group, and, in fact, received tribute from many of them. Yap was also the nearest primitive island to Hongkong. O'Keefe was never held to the law before the coming of the Germans as he often assisted the various governments in control of the south sea islands when this did not interfere with business. In August of 1894, for instance, he captured a Pelew chieftain, the leader of a band which had captured the trading schooner, the *Maria II*, and massacred the whole crew. The chief had long defied Spanish authority. O'Keefe held him up single-handed in the presence of his own warriors and turned him over to the authorities. This and many other tales of daring are told of him. It was men like him whom writers like Conrad and Stevenson had in mind in their sea-rover stories of the south seas.



German Jew who had come to Yap during the first weeks of the German occupation with the intention of trading in the main product of the island, copra. But O'Keefe, the "King of Yap", had most of the native chiefs under his thumb and got practically all of the copra himself. So Friedlander

had become the sole importer of German beer and canned goods. Every late afternoon the Germans living near and such visitors as might be on the island gathered at the drinking room Friedlander had opened in his house to drink their *Dammerschoppen* (evening glass) and to talk over the news of the day—if any.

Friedlander, a large and somewhat paunchy man, was himself a member of the "round table", from which he but directed the Yap boy to bring in fresh bottles of beer.

"You came here, Herr Friedlander, when the Spanish friars were still on the island?" asked the Consul, his glance fixed on the large O'Keefe home visible from the window of the Bierstube.

"Yes, indeed, Herr Consul."

"These friars are generally well versed in the history of the place in which they work. Did they ever tell you anything about this O'Keefe? Where he came from, for instance?"

"Well, they were somewhat vague as to that. They didn't even know whether he was an American or an Englishman."

"He is an American, according to his papers," interjected the Amtmann.

"I was told," continued Friedlander, "that O'Keefe used for several years to come to Yap for long rests, but that he did not settle down here until he married."

"One day he came into the harbor with the English flag at his mast, but when he saw an English warship was at anchor here he hauled the flag down and up went the stars and stripes. Somebody on the English ship observed this maneuver and an officer was sent aboard the schooner to inquire what it meant. O'Keefe excused himself by stating that the native sailor who had hoisted the flags did not know the difference between the one and the other and that he himself had paid no immediate attention to the matter as he was busy piloting the schooner through the narrow channel."

"According to the friars, the schooner always carried two guns. When Yap became German he dismounted them and placed them as ornaments in front of his house, where you see them now."

"That is interesting. But how did it come about that he gained such an influence over the people? Aren't the Yap islanders rather a proud people?"

"They certainly are, but he married a native girl, you see, the daughter of the leading chief. Besides, the people are afraid of him. He is easily angered and uses his fists or a stick or whatever he may have to hand, as you can see from the case of Yao."

**T**HE German consul for Sidney was walking silently up and down the sala in the Government House at Yap, the capital of the West Carolines. Finally he entered the office of the Bezirksamtmann Senfft.

"My dear Amtmann," he said, "I have come to the conclusion that something has to be done. Much as I enjoy your hospitality and this beautiful island, I can not stay here forever; nor can I leave my Home Office without information as to our disaster and the reason for my delay here. It is my plain duty to do something!"

"Very well, Herr Consul, then be kind enough to tell me what you intend to do. The Lloyd steamer is on that uncharted rock; you know it is impossible for us to get her off. There is no cable connection with the mainland—only the plan to lay a cable to Shanghai. . . . Do you wish to risk a voyage to Hongkong in a native boat—even at this time of the year?"

"No, no, certainly not! But yonder lies the schooner of that man O'Keefe. Why not sail her to Honkong?"

"Easier said than done, Herr Consul. We have no navigator. The captain and officers of the stranded steamer are not permitted to leave their ship as it is in a dangerous position. O'Keefe himself, as you know, is a prisoner—accused of frustrated homicide."

"I know, I know, but good Lord! I can't remain here another two months until the next Lloyd boat arrives. Is there no way out?"

"No way I can see", said the Amtmann.

**I**N the late afternoon, the Consul, the Bezirksamtmann, his assistant, the *Lazaretgehilfe* (army nurse), the Captain of the stranded steamer, and some of the other officers of the ship were sitting about the round table in the back room of Friedlander's *Bierstube*. Friedlander was a

"How is Yao today, Herr Witschok?" asked the Amtmann of the Army Nurse.

"Well, he is a strong fellow, and appears to be getting better from day to day. His wounds are clean now—no more infection."

"What made O'Keefe hit him with that bolo?" asked the Consul.

"Nothing much. O'Keefe had ordered him to get down coconuts that day, and when O'Keefe got back that evening he found that Yao had gathered less than half of what he could have done. Then he grinned when O'Keefe got angry and that made O'Keefe grab the bolo the native had in his hand and knock him in the head with it. Yao dodged but most of his left ear was slashed off and he got a deep cut in the shoulder."

"You see, Herr Consul," said the Amtmann, "how impossible it is to let O'Keefe sail away under these circumstances. We do not even know whether his crime will be *schwere Koerpverletzung* (frustrated homicide) or *Todschlag* (homicide), depending upon whether Yao recovers."

"You are entirely right. Nevertheless it is of the utmost importance to me as well as to the Captain that the home authorities be notified. . . ."

"Why not let O'Keefe put up bail?" asked the Captain.

"My dear Captain, we do not make use of that system. If a man is suspected of intending to flee or is seeking to confuse the evidence, he is locked up; otherwise he remains free until the courts decide his case."

"If O'Keefe is such a troublesome citizen, would it not be a good idea to let him escape?"

"Ah, Herr Amtmann, the idea is excellent!" exclaimed the Consul. "Let him give bail, say twenty thousand

marks, carry our message to Honkong, and then, if he does not return to Yap, you may thank God for it! Besides, by such a course, you will be following the instructions of the Colonial Office to protect the natives from exploitation by foreigners and to help them along economically. O'Keefe's monopoly of the copra trade here is certainly against the interests of the people. . .

"Also think of it. Even if the case prove only one of frustrated homicide, you will have to give him a stiff sentence. . . . at least several years of imprisonment. But you have no prison—only that little one-room jail for native prisoners. You could hardly keep a man there for several years. . . ."

THE Bezirksamtman finally agreed to the proposal, and three days later O'Keefe sailed away on his own schooner carrying the Government message to Hongkong. Several weeks passed by, but no schooner returned to Yap. However, after four weeks a small German cruiser arrived on a regular yearly round trip through the German Pacific possessions. Her captain did not know anything about the occurrences at Yap. The Consul sailed away on the cruiser and the German Government and the North German Lloyd were notified of what had happened.

O'Keefe never delivered the message he was entrusted with. He did not show up at Hongkong and was never heard of again. Somebody once claimed to have seen a member of his crew in Honolulu, but this remained doubtful.

When some years later he was declared legally dead, his Yap wife inherited his property on that island. Another wife from the island of Mogomog presented herself, but the Amtmann decided that her marriage was void as it had taken place subsequent to the Yap marriage. He however, let her have O'Keefe's property on Mogomog island.

## Song Of A Blind Man

By Carlos P. San Juan

MY life is one long night  
Of conscious sleep. No morn  
Awakes me from my dreams;  
My world is dark and yet  
All wondrous things live here:  
I hear the lovely songs  
Of unseen birds and the flutter of  
Their silken, fair-plumed wings,  
I breathe the perfume of  
Ghost flow'rs that bloom  
In phantom gardens fair . . .  
Why should I pine for light?  
This world is mine alone—  
'Tis peopled with my dreams  
And here I am the king!

## I Told The Sky

By Aurelio Alvero

I told the sky  
I love you;  
So far, so high—  
The moon and stars above you  
Have heard my sigh.  
  
I told the sea  
I love you,  
Despairingly—  
The trembling lights sing of you  
But pity me.  
  
To sky and sea,  
I love you:  
So, silently—  
The lights below, above you  
Now plead for me.

# Pinipig

By F. T. Adriano and R. A. Cruz

**P**INIPIG or *duman* (Tagalog), *pinipgi* (Bicol), *pilipig* (Visayan) is a delicious rice preparation made from certain glutinous varieties of the grain known popularly as *malagkit*.

Pinipig may be eaten raw or as an ingredient in cakes, puddings, and in other kinds of desserts. Puffed or roasted, it makes a fine breakfast food. Speaking of breakfast foods, the Philippines imported in 1931 some ₱135,000 worth of oatmeal alone. In this case, again, a wise economy points to the development of our own food resources.

Although pinipig at present can be bought in the local market only at certain times of the year, (except at Biñan, Laguna) and ordinarily can not be kept for more than a few days without becoming stale or moldy, it could be properly prepared and put up in sanitary tin vacuum cans, as is oatmeal.

In the preparation of pinipig both the immature rice grains, in the "dough" stage, and the mature grains are used. Pinipig prepared from the former is softer in texture, more aromatic, and commands the higher price. When the mature rice grains are used, as at Biñan, there must be a preliminary overnight soaking in water before the grain can be roasted. It is usually prepared by the people only at the approach of the rice harvest season.

The method followed at Biñan is the following: The *palay* or matured rice is soaked in water overnight. It is then drained and placed in large earthen pots known as *katingan*. These are placed on specially constructed earthen-ware stoves similar to those used in the preparation of *moscovado* sugar. During the roasting, the grain is constantly stirred with a wooden paddle. The quality of the product is usually determined by the thoroughness and uniformity of the roasting, which is continued until some of the grains begin to puff. The grain is then immediately poured into a wooden mortar (*lusong*) and pounded with a wooden pestle (*halo*). The pounding is done by experienced men workers and while it is going on a woman assistant constantly stirs the grain with her hands, for if this is not done, the grains are likely to stick together. The pounding separates the grains from the hulls, the former being reduced to flakes and the latter to a fine powder. The flattened grains are later separated from the powdered hulls by means of a fine-meshed bamboo sieve (*bistay* or *bithay*) and by winnowing. Some eighteen gantas of pinipig are ordinarily obtained from one cavan of *palay*. The pinipig sells at from twenty-five to thirty centavos a ganta. The bran is sold as hog feed.

Samples of pinipig prepared from different varieties of glutinous rice were collected and their proximate constituents determined by the senior author by methods employed by him in previous studies on the chemical composition of Philippine foods and feedstuffs. Table I gives the results of analyses based on the samples as received,



but since the moisture content of the samples varied, the recalculations on a moisture free basis shown in Table II were made. It will be seen that the different food constituents vary greatly in the different samples analysed.

TABLE I. ANALYSIS OF PINIPIG FROM DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF GLUTINOUS RICE

(Figures are expressed in per cent of samples as received)

Variety name	Moisture	Ash	Crude Proteins	Crude Fats	Crude Fiber	Starch	Total N.F.E.	Caloric Value per kilo
	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent
Sinagong tao (L. B.)	12.58	1.61	8.20	2.00	1.25	25.68	74.36	3571
Binagong tao (L. B.)	15.48	4.59	11.22	3.77	2.54	38.25	62.40	3369
Binagong tao (C. buyao)	13.90	2.90	8.68	1.38	1.11	31.88	72.03	3437
Dinalaga (L.B.)	11.45	2.33	6.34	2.67	2.91	19.33	74.30	3555
Inacopanga (L.B.)	11.20	1.85	7.56	2.25	1.53	29.75	75.61	3619
Inarangilan (L.B.)	13.37	2.33	7.45	2.83	1.65	14.82	72.37	3536
Kalibo (L.B.)	12.31	2.67	6.63	2.25	2.75	18.44	73.39	3490
Macan Pampanga	13.83	1.39	6.27	0.16	1.02	36.96	77.33	3442
Pirurutong (L.B.)	12.14	2.29	6.43	3.58	1.53	19.48	74.03	3632
Sinaba (L.B.)	11.21	1.84	7.53	2.24	1.51	29.71	75.67	3620
San Mateo	15.68	2.86	6.18	7.53	2.64	41.99	65.11	3623
Susong Calawang	15.99	6.01	11.54	3.50	2.57	17.98	60.39	3275
Tinumbaga (L.B.)	12.71	1.89	7.84	3.86	1.23	29.23	72.47	3652
Tinuco (L.B.)	14.31	3.92	7.06	1.67	2.50	19.82	70.54	3337

L.B. means obtainable in Los Baños, Laguna.

TABLE II. ANALYSIS OF PINIPIG FROM DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF GLUTINOUS RICE

(Figures are expressed in per cent of moisture—free samples)

Variety name	Moisture	Ash	Crude Proteins	Crude Fats	Crude Fiber	Starch	Total N.F.E.	Caloric Value Per Kilo
	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent
Binagong tao (L. B.)	12.58	1.84	9.38	2.29	1.43	29.38	85.06	4085
Binagong tao (L. B.)	15.48	5.43	13.27	4.46	3.01	45.26	73.83	3986
Binagong tao (C. buyao)	13.90	3.37	10.08	1.60	1.29	37.03	83.66	3992
Dinalaga (L.B.)	11.45	2.63	7.16	3.02	3.29	21.83	83.90	4014
Inacopanga (L. B.)	11.20	2.08	8.51	2.53	1.72	33.50	85.16	4076
Inarangilan (L. B.)	13.37	2.69	8.60	3.27	1.90	17.11	83.54	4082
Kalibo (L.B.)	12.31	3.04	7.56	2.57	3.14	21.03	83.69	3980
Macan Pampanga	13.83	1.61	7.28	0.19	1.18	42.89	89.74	3995
Pirurutong (L.B.)	12.14	2.61	7.32	4.07	1.74	22.17	84.26	4133
Sinaba (L.B.)	11.21	2.07	8.48	2.52	1.70	33.46	85.23	4076
San Mateo (L.B.)	15.68	3.39	7.33	8.93	3.13	49.80	77.22	4297
Susong Calawang	15.99	7.15	13.74	4.17	3.06	21.40	71.88	3898
Tinumbaga (L.B.)	12.71	2.17	8.98	4.42	1.41	33.49	83.02	4220
Tinuco (L.B.)	14.31	4.57	8.24	1.95	2.92	23.13	82.32	3894

These analyses may be compared with the analyses in Table III of oatmeal and rolled oats, especially with reference to the proteins, fats, and starch—the expensive components of a food.

TABLE III. SHOWING THE COMPOSITION OF OATMEAL AND ROLLED OATS

Sample	Moisture per cent	Proteins per cent	Fats per cent	Ash per cent	Carbohydrate		Fuel value per kilogram Calories
					Crude fiber per cent	N.F.E. per cent	
Oatmeal.....	7.3	16.1	7.2	1.9	0.9	66.6	4,060
Rollod oats.....	7.7	16.7	7.3	2.1	1.3	64.9	4,020

Atwater, W. O. and Bryant, A. P.—The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials, U. S. Dept. Agric. Bull. No. 28: 7-85.

(Continued on page 210)

# Sports in the Philippine Islands

By Henry Dougherty

**C**OLONEL H. R. ANDREAS was studying a cablegram when we called upon him a few months ago at the Olympic Stadium. He shoved the message aside and transferred his attention to a statement of Stadium box office returns. Next he inspected a roster of boxers, all of whom were seeking bouts in Manila. Not a single top-notch was on the list. He shook his head and again picked up the cablegram.



Manila can not be easily diverted from beaten paths.

## Boxing in the Doldrums

There was a time when boxing was a gold mine in Manila. That was in the days when champions and near champions flourished hereabouts, and when fine, up-standing fighters were brought from the United States for engagements with them.

But the tide ebbed. The champions and near champions went to America, and for some unaccountable reason, a crop of successors has not been developed. Without champions, without idols, without the flash and romance that goes with champions, the boxing game dives into the doldrums. It has taken that dive in the Philippine Islands.

Of course there has been a semblance of a depression here, but that condition can not be held fully responsible for the lack of attendance at the Stadium.

The ring game has been plagued with unsavory decisions in recent months, and every time one of these is pulled, it is just another unfortunate link in the chain of circumstances now conspiring to kill boxing in the Philippine Islands. There are referees and referees. The best of them will go awry occasionally, and no matter how carefully the promoters guard against an off decision, one will creep in now and then.

There has been much discussion as to whether the round-by-round scoring system is preferable to decisions by judges or decisions by referees. The latter, however, remains in vogue in Manila.

Just a word about Manila fans. They make it extremely difficult for an invader to get a square deal. For the visitor to gain a decision, or even a draw, it is almost necessary for him to knock his opponent into insensibility. This has been glaringly apparent in the case of Ventura Marquez, the visiting Mexican.

Loyalty is one thing, but bitter partisanship is another. The hometown crowd is expected to root for its hometown performers, but any crowd, any audience is expected also to recognize ability in the visitor, and good sportsmanship dictates that such ability should be recognized and applauded. Instead, however, a certain type of Manila fan is inclined to hoot and boo an invader if he shows class and a winning punch.

## Basketball vs. Football

**W**E have watched the crowds flocking to the various sports events. Next to boxing comes basketball in popularity. As the climate militates against American football, this strenuous pastime probably will never gain a foothold here. Basketball, less strenuous, is a similar game. Basketball, therefore, is the college sport of the Philippines.

(Continued on page 208)

## Wrestling Didn't "Click"

"Wrestling, American style," he mused. "Why not? It is popular in America. It is popular in Europe and Australia. Why shouldn't it be popular in Manila?"

Colonel Andreas talked a few minutes with Les Hartman, Stadium matchmaker, and then a message was dispatched to Australia. Another was sent to Los Angeles. With the president of the Manila Boxing club action comes closely on the heels of decision. Those two cablegrams would bring some mat grapplers to the Philippine Islands.

A month later we were again in the Stadium offices. Colonel Andreas had come in from San Fernando, and today he was smiling broadly.

"I have a surprise for you," he said. Les Hartman assumed a mysterious air, and even Ramon Ramos, the Stadium treasurer, unbended and smiled.

We heard footfalls outside—heavy footfalls. We heard strange voices, a mixture of Australian, Greek, American, Canadian, and a conglomeration of accents. The swinging door to the office was thrown open and three athletic looking gentlemen peered in on us.

"I have the pleasure of introducing Joe Keatos, Jerry Jervis, and Rocky Britton," said the Colonel. The three heavy-set athletes strode forward, and the writer of this article felt apprehensive. "They have come here to introduce a new form of sports to Manila fans."

And so it came to pass that these behemoths later entered the ring, and the fans were regaled mightily. Keatos proved to be the best of the lot, and therefore became immediately unpopular with the cash customers. Wrestling, American style, rambled its merry way at the Stadium on successive Saturday nights, and attendance increased slightly. But the intake at the box office had not been enhanced sufficiently to encourage an indefinite experiment.

Later on George Calvas, of Ireland, arrived. He became the most popular of the wrestlers, although Keatos, by virtue of his unpopularity, was the best card, a paradox not easily explained, but true, just the same.

A few weeks ago Keatos, Jervis, and Britton folded their tents and stole away. Literally, they sailed for Australia. The great experiment had not been satisfactory. The wrestling game had had its trial in Manila, but it hadn't clicked. That's too bad. In its modern form, wrestling is an amusing game, and it also has its thrills.

Maybe in the years to come it will catch on here. And again, maybe not. The Filipino does not like the mat game, apparently. He would rather be a boxer. Just an illustra-

# Editorials

The Philippine Education Co., Inc., hereby announces that the present, October, issue of the **PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE** is the last that will appear under its imprint, the Magazine having been sold to Mr. A. V. H. Hartendorp, who has edited the publication since June, 1925. It is under his editorship that the Magazine has assumed its present highly creditable character, and we wish him and the Magazine continued success.

VERNE E. MILLER,  
*President and General Manager.*

In having acquired the proprietorship of the **PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE**, the undersigned is impressed by the new responsibilities he has thus assumed in addition to those which have hitherto rested upon him. It is no small matter to undertake to carry forward a publication that is now in its thirty-first year—the oldest existing periodical in the Philippines, and one that has always played a creditable part in the journalism of this country. The undersigned plans no important changes in the editorial policy of the Magazine as this policy has during the period of his editorship been largely left to his own discretion by the Philippine Education Company, to which organization much of the credit should go for what the Magazine has become. The undersigned will continue his endeavor to produce a magazine that is distinctively Philippine and will make every effort to maintain high standards of honesty in editorial policy and high standards of quality in the contents of the publication.

A. V. H. HARTENDORP.

Expressing his disagreement with the decisions of the Court of First Instance and the Supreme Court, Governor-General

Frank Murphy recently granted a pardon to a citizen convicted of "*atentado contra la autoridad*", on the ground that his fundamental legal rights had been violated.

The Governor-General stated: "I am unable to view this episode in any other light than resistance to an unlawful search of the respondent's domicile. . . . an unlawful search of his home, in violation of the fundamental legal rights of the respondent guaranteed to him by the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, which the respondent had a legal right to resist".

The Constitution of the United States regulates the right of search and seizure as follows (Article IV of the original ten amendments): "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects,

against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized".

This great principle was not lost sight of by the Americans when they came to the Philippines. In his proclamation following the occupation of Manila, General Merritt stated that he had instructions from the United States Government not to make war upon the people, "*but to protect them in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights*". President McKinley in his instructions to the Philippine Commission declared that "the right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated". The Philippine Act of 1902 contained this provision: "... that the right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated". The Jones Act repeats these exact words.

Every man's home is his castle, is an old saying. And Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634), the first to be called Lord Chief Justice of England, who was "obstinate in his opposition to illegal exercise of authority. . . and upheld the Common Law against the Church, the Admiralty, the Star Chamber, and, most dangerous of all, the royal prerogative, with success", wrote these famous words: "The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defense against injury and violence, as for his repose."

Under the American flag, a nipa hut in the Philippines is in this sense a castle, too. An editorial writer in the *Manila Tribune* well said: "We may make out to our credit centuries of struggle for self-determination, but the background of our civil liberties is an adaptation from other lands. As Governor-General Murphy declares inviolate the house for the protection of every Filipino citizen, it is Anglo-Saxon individualism informing the law upon which that right rests that comes to mind. But our people accept it no less because of that alien origin. . . ."

As a matter of fact, the so-called Malolos Constitution, written by Felipe Calderon, an able Manila lawyer, contained several paragraphs on this very point, stating that no one should enter a house without the consent of the owner, except to assist him in an emergency, and that "the searching of his papers or effects can only be decreed by a competent judge and executed in the daytime. . . in the presence of the interested party or a member of his family, and, in their absence, of two witnesses residing in the same town. However, if an offender found in flagrante and pursued by the authorities or their agents should take refuge in his domicile, these may enter the same, but only for the purpose of his apprehension."

In extending the pardon referred to in this editorial, the Governor-General did nothing more than to call public attention to an ancient right under civilized government, but such reminders are sometimes necessary, especially when even our courts overlook them.

A. V. H. H.





The Moro-moro Performance

By I. L. Miranda

The pages of this Magazine have more frequently carried criticism than praise of former Speaker Manuel Roxas, but credit will not be denied to him for the sincerity of the following words: "It is not fair that the opponents of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act should declare that immediate independence is obtainable, when they know very well that it is not, and that, if it were, it would be impracticable and suicidal for our country".

These words demand respect. Yet something is to be said for the politicians who have, however hypocritically, used this immediate independence argument against the Act. The issue of the acceptance or rejection of the Hawes Act has become a political one in a partisan sense, and, in fact, both sides are guilty of confusing the issue by misstatements of fact and appeals to emotion and prejudice. Perhaps this is unavoidable under the circumstances. Bismarck once said that "politics is the art of the possible", and it seems to be generally agreed that the tautological "immediate, absolute, and complete independence" slogan (the author of which, the writer believes, is the valiant Mr. Osias) can not possibly be eliminated from any political

argument, least of all the present one. Also, our political leaders whose power, like that of politicians elsewhere, depends to a large degree upon the following they are able to obtain from a still principally ignorant electorate, must emotionalize and dramatize every issue to make an impression on the people, or so, at least, they appear to believe. And what standard and ensign can be waved before the people with more instant effect than the banner of immediate independence?

Thus it is that a political performance is being staged that reminds the observer of the Moro-moro shows in our villages, while the players as well as the audience appear to be oblivious to the grim realities which surround us. There, on the stage, are the champions, heroes, villains, the ingenue, and the walking gentleman, all strutting and fretting their hour upon the stage, while the audience hisses or applauds. Those watching the heroics on the platform appear to be unaware of the gathering storm. The spouting and the ranting, the mouthed platitudes, the tragicities on the boards engage all the attention. The distant lightning flashes, the low rumbling of the thunder, the brief, preliminary gusts of wind are unheeded. Who will ring the tocsin which will halt this mummery and awaken these

people to their peril? What alarm signal will call these players down from the stage to engage in real action in the real world?

A. V. H. H.

One of the ablest and most sincere declarations made against the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act

An Able and Sincere Document

was the Memorial drawn up by a committee of



which Judge Juan Sumulong was the chairman, adopted at a special convention of the Philippine Veteran's Association on September 17.

The Memorial contains no fanatical declaration in favor of "immediate, complete, and absolute independence", but states that the Hawes Act is "destructive of our *ideal of absolute political independence*" and is "openly repugnant to the *ultimate aim* of the American policy to place our people . . . in a position to fully assume the responsibilities and enjoy all the privileges of complete independence".

The Memorial does not object to the retention of naval and military bases in the Philippines—which would indeed be our only safeguard—but objects only to the retention of "*unspecified portions* of our national territory". Further on in the document it is suggested that America retain a naval base at "an isolated point in the Islands".

The authors of the Memorial, however, in an attempt to make matters doubly sure, also ask that the Government of the United States "take up, *before* the withdrawal of American sovereignty from these Islands, the *conclusion* of a treaty of neutralization of our country. . ."

The rest of the document consists chiefly of a criticism of the one-sided nature of the economic provisions of the Hawes Act and of the humiliating conditions that would be established by its political provisions.

In conclusion it is declared: "Our Association desires to state that although it has not been possible for us to give our assent to the provisions of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Law, yet our full faith in the devotion of the American people to the principles of liberty and justice remains unshaken. We hope that our objections and comments. . . will not fail to be heeded, and that the American people and Government in their wisdom and uprightness, will find a solution to the Philippine question more acceptable to our people".

A. V. H. H.

At this stage in our Philippine development it is well to review certain fundamental attitudes characterizing America in its dealing with the Philippines.  
The Spirit of America

The record of a generation has fully convinced the Filipinos that the underlying American policy in the Philippines has been and is to cooperate in the establishment of a self-governing nation.

To that end have the efforts of America's highest representatives been directed. The early emphasis given to the political phase of our national progress was accompanied by educational efforts designed to prepare the people for direct participation in their own government. Filipinization of the political structure was a hope held out to the youths of the land.

But as Filipinization of the government reached the

marginal point, it became apparent that this greater participation by Filipinos in their own government was not sufficient. There was need of increasing their part in the economic life of the nation. The Filipinization of our economic life became a phase of Philippine-American policy.

The American chief executives of the last few years have given increasing attention to the economic development of the Philippines by and for Filipinos. They have endeavored to preach economic-mindedness among our people, thus inducing us to modify old social values in the direction of greater appreciation of material progress and of the men who deal with material things.

And now for the first time in our Philippine-American relations we have a Governor-General who issued a proclamation for a "Made-in-the-Philippines Week",—from August 17 to August 23, 1933. "I hereby request", urged Governor Frank Murphy, "all the people of these Islands to observe it as a week in which products of the Philippines will be used by them for their home and personal needs. I hope this spirit of cultivating and encouraging home industries will be maintained all the coming years so that it will mark the rise in this country of a vigorous and healthy spirit of economic progressiveness".

This injunction to the Filipino people to use more of their home products—for "it is a natural trait among the peoples of all enlightened countries to love and to feel a special regard for the things that they consider their own",—breathes the spirit of America in her dealing with the Filipino people. With the guidance and the helping hand extended by the United States the Filipinos should not fail to attain the goal of their national ambition.

CONRADO BENITEZ.

President Roosevelt is an internationalist—or was, as is sufficiently demonstrated by his efforts on behalf of world peace and the importance he gave to the discussions on world economic problems with the heads of various governments before the London Economic Conference. But at this conference he declined to sacrifice his domestic program, which was already achieving results, to what a number of other nations believed to be their interests, especially as concerned the stabilization of currencies and foreign exchange, for which, in President Roosevelt's opinion, the time was not yet ripe. His attitude aroused hostility and the conference finally broke up with little done. There have been many who therefore dubbed the conference a failure, yet no world conference in which mutual problems are discussed and national attitudes are made clear can be considered to have been futile even in the absence of direct achievements.

Observers have already reported that the first reaction of resentment in Europe is giving way to interest in the American domestic program and its results, and it is today being generally admitted, although still somewhat grudgingly, that President Roosevelt's course in London was justified. Where at first the world and even observers in the United States saw only inconsistency and confusion in President



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# Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull



**E**XCEPT at Catbalogan where the people seemed to be friendly, neither Americans nor Constabulary officers were popular in Samar in those years, at least where I went. The Borongenos made no attempt to hide their feelings, and as I was always a very muddy and disreputable-looking individual when I visited their town, no one could blame them, in my case, for aloofness. Once when feeling exceptionally lonely and after an extra shave and a bath, I borrowed some civilian clothes and sallied forth to ascertain what effect the disguise of cleanliness and absence of uniform would have on the haut monde. The result was eminently satisfactory and beyond my wildest dreams, until, in an unguarded moment of mutual esteem and confidence, my *compañera* learning what my occupation was, promptly left me, and whenever I saw her afterwards she sailed past with her nose in the air. Had I been at all inclined that way, such disappointment would doubtless have driven me to strong drink. When, as occasionally happened, we stopped overnight in a town or barrio, within a few minutes of our arrival, the female part of the population was busy doing its best to entertain the soldiers, but not even one of the octogenarian *babaye* would glance the way of the company commander. This, of course, did not bother me, but it might have done others in my position.

## The Irish

There being a decided coolness on the part of the average native son, it would seem hard to explain how Mr. McGuire at Borongan, after holding several other offices, was elected *presidente* of the town and how at Paranas, Mr. Shaugher was not only elected presidente but still, I believe, holds office under the provincial government. Whatever one's private opinion may be regarding the Irish in Ireland, where, it is true, they do not always appear to see quite eye to eye, it must be admitted that when away from home influences they not only fit in where others do not, but they have a habit of immediately starting to take over the local government—and generally with considerable success. This may explain the election to office of two Irish-Americans in a, to others, not overly-friendly province. Needless to say, the descendants of these pioneers will have to be reckoned with in the future political life of the country. It is not hard to visualize a plebiscite in the none too distant future deciding in favor of a king or a queen of Irish descent as the first of a long dynasty to rule these Islands, thereby assuring internal political tranquility and doing away with the ever present fear of foreign aggression. I recall with appreciation the many favors and the frequent hospitality extended to me by Messrs. McGuire and Shaugher, in fact the last month I spent in Samar was at the former's house.

## Little Game

Although with the exception of rice everything was cheaper in the Army commissary than in the local market—where

there was one—and we had commissary and quartermaster privileges, we were unfortunately not always in touch with these sources of supply. Of course one would not expect to see much game when traveling with a column, but even around the different stations it was very scarce. Once when coming down a steep mountain stream, I got within a few feet of a deer but I was too much occupied to shoot it. That was the only live one I saw in Samar. However monkeys were everywhere and more attracted than repelled by our presence. I always carried a shotgun, and turning it over to a soldier at each halt would provide fresh meat for the outfit. There were shrimps in most of the mountain streams and a few minutes with a piece of bacon on a string would harvest a shrimp supper. The subsistence allowance for the Constabulary soldier was then twenty-one centavos a day and on this amount he lived well. No company was allowed to keep a cash saving of over ₱400.00 and it was often necessary to make rush purchases at the end of the month of bacon and tinned meats for which there was no immediate need, in order to keep within the prescribed limit. Being out of the station most of the time, and the *cargador* also being allowed twenty-one centavos for subsistence as we seldom carried anything but rice and dried fish, it was not infrequently hard to spend the savings. These were days of bacon at thirty centavos the pound and everything else in proportion.

## A Poor Maestro

Riding from Camp Meneke to Oris in order to get some registered mail addressed to that place instead of to Borongan, our post office town, I ran across an American teacher stationed in one of the intervening towns and living in the municipal building. On my return I reached the river at the outskirts of his town during the night, and, having heard so much about Samar crocodiles, I was afraid to cross and so spent the rest of the night on the river bank, which, from later experience, I now know to be equally dangerous. At daybreak, cold and hungry, I went into the town expecting to enlist the sympathy of the teacher to the extent of hot coffee at least. But, to my sorrow, he informed me that he had been without coffee for some time, that all he could get locally was rice and fish, and that the town officials, unwilling to spare a house, had put him up at the *presidencia*. This *maestro* was not much of a hustler, or he would have had a productive interview with the mayor or have left the town. I wanted him to come to Meneke and promised him supplies, but he never put in an appearance. Among the many crocodile stories told for the benefit of the new arrival was one by Governor Curry, according to which he and the *vice-presidente* of some town were walking along a river bank when a crocodile in the river knocked the vice-presidente into the water with its tail and disappeared with him. Crocodiles are to be found practically everywhere in the Islands but I did not happen to see one in Samar.

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# The Battle of Mactan

By Virgilio Floresca

ROSE slow the eastern sun  
Out of the darkness dun  
To watch in its long run  
Another battle.  
It saw the chieftain's ire  
Hot stir the warriors' fire  
To whom more sweet than lyre  
Was kris's rattle.



In Mactan lay a band  
Under the chief's command  
Prepared to free the land  
From the white stranger;  
The warriors fully know  
The day shall be of woe  
For terrible is the foe  
And great the danger.

"My datus, friends and peers,  
Destroy those phantom fears,  
Long have with those sharp spears  
Yourselves defended.  
The foe is on the blue,  
Doth fearful danger brew,  
But his high pride shall rue  
Ere all is ended.

"Great Laon aids the just,  
Our foe he flings to dust,  
And firm and true we trust  
In his alliance.  
My warriors, Sons of War,  
That ne'er were vanquished, nor  
Have known a conqueror,  
Hurl your defiance.

"Fight bold this enemy,  
Be not his mockery,  
Let not his cruel glee  
Gloat darkly o'er ye;  
'Tis they must tribute pay,  
'Tis they must sing the lay  
Of vile submission; they  
Must kneel before ye."

The warriors all were stirred,  
And when was war-cry heard  
Their kris they did ungird  
For foeman's poniard;  
They stood there motionless  
In formed fearlessness,  
What moment they did bless  
Appeared the Spaniard.

"Upon the foe, he comes!"  
That cry rose from the drums,  
And in the native homes  
Prayed many a woman.  
They rushed upon the shore,  
They rushed amidst the roar,  
And wild and fierce they tore  
On the proud foeman.

Are these the servile weak  
The invader came to seek,  
Whom he had deemed so meek,  
Slaves these before him?  
Fierce hatred grim and stern  
That did with fury burn  
In them he did discern  
As they tore at him.

But still his hopes did stand  
That his victorious band  
As e'er would win the land  
With wonted glory;  
His bright sword brandishing,  
He rushed like hero-king,  
Set and uncowering,  
In all his fury.

Brave held his men their ground,  
For valor were renowned,  
But their grim efforts found  
That naught availed them—  
The natives, strong as they  
Did fly not nor give way;  
The invaders could not stay  
What fierce assailed them.

Like leaves from parent tree  
Torn by the wind, did he  
His numbered comrades see  
On those sands scattered—  
He heard the victor's yell  
The roaring billows swell  
His woeful state to tell—  
His dreams all shattered.

And Lapulapu slashed,  
Body on body crashed,  
And glad as God he clashed  
With mad Magellan;  
Crashed in a bloody toil  
The kris and cutlass; while  
Each other's skill did foil,  
Fell noble, villain.

"O fly, Elcano, fly,  
Tell them how I did die,  
Iberia my last sigh,"  
Magellan shouted,  
As he the havoc wrought  
Saw on his men distraught,  
Who in their pride ne'er thought  
They could be routed.

He saw in eyes of hate  
The darkness of his fate  
As for him did await  
Their lances raised.  
With fury of despair  
Upon them he did tear,  
So fiercely fought he there  
They were amazed.

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# He Wanted To Be Vice-Presidente

By Bienvenido N. Santos

**M**ANG GENIO was a soldier of the revolution. He had participated in one of those skirmishes never recorded in history, but written in the hearts of the few who survive to tell the tale.

When elections were introduced in the small town of Santa Cruz, the first candidate for *vice-presidente* was Mang Geniong Manalang. He was a young man then, robust and strong.

But he was an old man now, slow of foot, and dim of eyes. Time lay heavily on his thin shoulders. He had only a few long, stained teeth left, and when he talked, some of his words skidded on his toothless gums, and passed out as mere sounds, not words. But in spite of this, Mang Genio loved to talk—of life, of philosophy, of the trend of the times, and always, of the past—of that revolution in which he had played a part.

Mang Genio was poor, unlike his opponents who were usually landed proprietors. They rode in Ford cars from barrio to barrio delivering loud speeches. Mang Genio simply walked from barrio to barrio. There were rare times when some other candidate of his party, usually the candidate for *presidente*, would give him a lift, and Mang Genio was volubly grateful.

He also made speeches. The rustic citizens of the town found great amusement in listening to him. He would ascend the platform like a beloved hero, then slowly bow his head like a slave in an Oriental tale, and begin his speech with the tale of the revolution, ending with the same story.

Elections had come and gone in the town of Santa Cruz, and Mang Genio was always a defeated candidate for the vice-presidency. He was never elected. When the returns were announced, he always polled the lowest number of votes. In the first election, he received only ten votes. His nearest relatives living at that time and himself must have been included in that number. And history, like his oft repeated tale of the revolution, unerringly repeated itself every election year.

But the old man persisted. He was determined to be vice-president of Santa Cruz before he died. That was his open avowal. He had said that to the electorate time and again. There was something desperate and almost tragic in his determination.

Children who had heard him deliver his first campaign speech were grown up people now. They could still remember how Mang Genio had always related his one experience during the revolution. As children, they had thrilled to the tale of bullets raining down on him.

Now that they were old enough to vote, or not to vote for him, this speech about the revolution had grown stale, tedious, and absurd, even if it was not so with Mang Genio himself.

As he grew older the picture he drew of the revolution, and his part in it seemed to grow more vivid. That one scene of the gory past began and climaxed every campaign



speech he made. The whole town of Sta. Cruz could repeat it verbatim:

*" \* \* \* and I was crawling behind a baleta tree. In front of me men were falling. Right and left they seemed only to slip and tumble down, but they never rose again. Bullets were raining down on us—softly hissing bullets. As I turned to help a fallen comrade, there was a dull swishing sound—tock!—and off went my hat. A bullet had pierced through the hat I was wearing, and . . ."*

In the first two elections, he had the hat with him and exhibited it to the listening throng. But his habit of passing the hat for inspection to some of his trusted companions and listeners proved fatal to this heroic relic of a bloody past. And so in the succeeding elections, Mang Genio had no more material evidence to show to the people, but the spirit of the story was there before them—the hero of that unsung battlefield.

During the last election the old man trudged along the rain-drenched paths from barrio to barrio, giving a good day or good evening at every house. He shook the hands of every man he met, requesting him almost tearfully to please vote for him this time as, who could tell, it might prove to be the last election he would ever live to see.

"Now. Just this time!" he urged them. "A single vote from you for me will not hurt, will it? I am very old now, as you see, and maybe I will be dead before my term is over. It has been, and still is, my only dream and hope to see myself vice-presidente of Santa Cruz. I want to serve our town in that capacity even as I served our country during the revolution. Then I could die happy. You shall have served an old man who had almost lost his life fighting for our beloved motherland. Because you know, during the revolution. . ."

At this point he reverted to his tale of the battlefield, the tall baleta tree, the fusillade of bullets, comrades struck down beside him, the bullet through his hat.

Many took pity on him. Especially the women. They coaxed their husbands to vote for the old man. The men were simply amused, and said that the old man could not do anything for the town if he were elected, that he did not even know how to write.

Mang Genio's rival for the vice-presidency was running for re-election. He was a rich, fat man who had many tenants under his power. In the past elections, he had bought slippers and cedulas for some of the voters. But now that he realized that winning the vice-presidency over Mang Geniong Manalang had become a tradition, he did not exert himself much.

In the meantime, throughout the day and far into the night Mang Genio campaigned from house to house—alone—praying for the people's votes, and, at last, touching their hearts.

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# Campfire Tales on the Beach

"*Siguey*" a Big Family, But All Beautiful and Jolly Fellows

By Dr. Alfred Worm



**I** COULD wade over this coral-reef all day and pick up tons of shells, and there still would be tons of them left."

With these words a lady whom I had taken out on a large reef at low tide, deposited on the sandy beach a heavy load of beautiful sea shells she had carried to the shore.

Panting from the long and difficult walk over the rough coral rocks, she sat down on the white, clean sand at my side.

"The soles of my shoes are ruined from the salt water and the sharp edges of the corals, and look at my skirt, it is ripped to pieces, but I would not have missed this wonderful experience for anything. Look at those beauties!"

I smiled sympathetically over the enthusiasm of the lady, who, though rich in earthly goods, had lived a life estranged from nature.

There was nothing extraordinarily valuable among these shells, they were only the common kinds found along the beach and in shallow water, but nevertheless beautiful they were and with brilliant colors, as they were still alive, with the animals inside, and not like those dead ones bleached by the sun.

"Now, please, doctor, tell me a story about them," the lady begged, and picking up one small shell at random, she asked, "What is this, and what do you call it?"

"You have just picked the one shell of them all, it would take me the rest of your vacation to talk about, as it is a member of the largest family of the sea shells, the cowries", I said.

"Cowries? Are they the kind I have read about in books, which the natives of Africa use as money?"

"The cowrie you speak about is that little, polished shell that you see crawling away from the rest; the animal is trying to get back into the water", I said as I bent to pick it up and laid it in the lady's hand for inspection.

"The cowries, called in the native language *siguey*, belong to the family Cypracea, of the molluscs or soft bodied animals, such as the snails, slugs, clams, oysters, the beautiful and delicate paper nautilus, and also the squid and octopus.

A large number of these humble creatures are of great economic importance to man and form important articles of commerce, furnishing him not only with food, but with the costly pearl, and also with the beautiful "mother of pearl" from which buttons are made, and with the window-shells you see in Manila, while others gladden the heart of mankind by their strange shapes and beautiful colors, serving as ornaments for house or garden.

But let us talk today of the large family of cowries, and some other time I will tell you more about the others.

Look at the pile of shells you have collected.

You will notice a number of them resemble each other in form, though some are large, others small, and they vary

in color, but all are very smooth and have thick, hard walls, with a long, narrow slit, the edges of which are serrated, on the underside. From this slit the living snail, for such it is, extends a part of its body when moving about or feeding.

These all belong to the family of cowries, and all are beautiful and lively fellows, spending more time in crawling around than any other species of mollusc, often wandering very far.

I have spoken already of the *Money cowrie*, and there are several kinds of them, differing slightly in size, shape, and color. One of them, of a light, delicate yellow, with round protuberances on each side, and three dark stripes across the back, is a great favorite with the people here, who call it *Señora*, which means Lady, but is somewhat rare, as among thousands one finds but one or two. Another little cowrie of a plump, round form, resembling the body of a little pig, is called in the native language *baboy*,—pig.

Large quantities of money cowries are brought to Manila to serve various purposes,—as "marbles" for the boys, "chips" in card-games, and decoration on picture frames and boxes to which they are glued in various patterns. They are frequently exported to China and Japan, where they are strung on threads to make curtains.

The largest of the cowrie family is the beautiful mottled *Tiger cowrie* which our ladies use in mending stockings, inserting it under the damaged part, the smooth surface of the shell serving as a guide for the needle. It is also used in the shell-craft industry, a circular piece being removed from the top of the shell and a colored plush or silk cushion being fitted in to serve as a holder for pins.

A smaller kind, also beautifully speckled with white, brown, and black, is the *Leopard cowrie*. The snow-white *Egg cowrie* is almost as large as the tiger cowrie, and closely resembles a chicken egg, from which it derives its name. Very beautiful also is the *Skunk cowrie*, which derives its name from its shining black color with a white stripe along the center of its back, the humped form also closely resembling a resting skunk in miniature.

Moro and pagan tribes living near the sea shore use very small, white, almost round cowries to make necklaces. These small cowries were some years ago also in demand by a local manufacturer of shell articles, and I shipped quite a quantity of these to him.

Of all the many more cowries which occur in the Philippine Islands, I shall mention only one more, as it is not found anywhere else outside these Islands. Even here it is very rare, and although it is not used for any industrial purpose, shell-collectors pay good prices for it. This is the beautiful *Aurora cowrie*, one specimen of which was sold some years ago to a wealthy Chinese in Manila for ₱35.00 with the promise that he would buy more at that price if they should be found. The Chinese could well afford this price, as undoubtedly he could dispose of this shell for many times the amount he paid for it in the Celestial Kingdom,

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# The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

## Protect Children Against Fatigue



IN the days of my childhood when I used to protest at times about the number of household duties and tasks that I was required to perform, my elders were accustomed to remark: "Hard work never hurt any one." Personally, I doubt this very much, especially in the light of recent knowledge which comes to us from physicians and health authorities. The hard work part of it may be a good thing. Certainly, industry continues to be a homely virtue, and we need much more of it in the younger generation. But the rub comes from the fatigue that is the result of hard work, or hard play, or over-exertion of any kind.

It seems as though children's lives are too crowded every day with things that must be done. They may not be required to do so much household work or chores as the youngsters of a former generation, but they do have crowded programs including school, music lessons, social activities, and what not, so that they are "on the go" from early in the morning until bedtime. Watchful parents will insist on rest and relaxation in the middle of the day, and will require an early hour for retiring so that growing boys and girls will get a full quota and extra measure of health-restoring sleep.

It is generally recognized that a tired child is very susceptible to common colds with all the evils that this malady may bring in its train. It is the fatigued, worn-out child who gets the diseases that are "going around." The lack of proper rest results in nervous, high-strung temperaments which have an ill effect upon the child as well as his associates.

The value of rest and plenty of sleep is of more importance in our tropical climate, than in the temperate zones. The continuous heat has a tendency to sap vitality which can only be restored and preserved by liberal doses of rest and sleep. And of course the room in which children sleep should have plenty of air, the sleeping garments should be light in weight and comfortable, the beds should be clean and protected with mosquito nets, and the right amount of covering provided so that they will not be too warm or too cold. Small pillows are necessary to insure comfort.

The importance of rest for children of all ages during the hottest part of the day cannot be emphasized too much. Even though they may not sleep, they should be required to lie still for at least half an hour, so that they will be entirely relaxed. Such a rest will be refreshing and prevent the fatigue that is sure to result without such a *siesta* period.

Children who get their full quota of sleep have the alert minds and healthy bodies which make them stand out among their associates at school and on the playground, and who find it easier to enter into the busy life which our modern mode of living requires even from our boys and girls of tender years.

## It's Time to Teach Safety-First

EVEN the most casual reading of the newspapers these days will convince one that motor car accidents in Manila and even in the provinces are on the increase. The thing that is most alarming is the number of children who are being struck down and injured or killed. The cause of most of these accidents is carelessness, either on the part of the persons who are hurt or the drivers of the cars, or both. Very often it is not easy to fix the responsibility. The sad fact only remains that some youngster has been badly injured, perhaps maimed for life, or killed.

The situation seems to call for a well organized safety campaign in which public officials, school teachers and school authorities, Boy Scouts, parents, automobile associations, and the children themselves should coöperate. We have read of several rather indifferent attempts to do something about these accidents, but nothing of much importance has come from them. One continues to find children playing in busy streets, pedestrians walking listlessly down the middle of important thoroughfares, and no effort made for a systematic campaign of education which would unquestionably result in saving the lives of a large number of children in the Philippines each year.

One also sees public vehicles, such as street cars and trucks in Manila, overcrowded with school children who are allowed to take their chances with fast moving vehicles when they embark or alight at crowded street intersections. The wonder of it all is that there are not more serious accidents than actually occur, but that should not prevent the undertaking of a general campaign for the adoption and observance of safety measures.

Not all of the safety observance should be confined to the children and pedestrians. Motor car and truck drivers should also be enlisted so that they will observe caution at all times and take care to see that their vehicles are under control so that accidents may be reduced or entirely prevented.

It would be an easy matter to draw up a safety code for school children and require instruction in it. This would take up a very small amount of time, but would be of countless value in cutting down the toll of accidents. Safety-first posters, with a list of rules and regulations, could be put up in public markets, school buildings, public plazas, and other places where crowds usually congregate. The proverbial ounce of prevention is always worth taking, and the prevention of serious automobile accidents is important enough to enlist the support of every public spirited citizen.

## Use the Can Opener

A YOUNG married woman of my acquaintance recently announced to her husband that she was going to dismiss her cook and do the cooking herself, the cook's salary going to her for spending money. "I'll bring home a flock of can-openers for you tonight," was hubby's good-natured retort.

"Why not open a few cans," the young woman challenged. "Canned food is always wholesome, tasty, and

appetizing, and it offers us almost endless variety including meats, vegetables, fruit, and desserts. You'll be surprised how much you'll like my canned meals, and it won't be expensive either."

Her experiment proved pleasant and profitable. Sure enough, the canned foods which she occasionally served were thoroughly relished. She studied her cook books for new ways of preparing and serving them, and found that they were not expensive, and truly provided an almost endless variety. She made trips to the market, of course, for some fresh vegetables and seasonable fruits, but the markets fell short of the variety which was to be found on her grocer's shelf in tins of popular brands. One thing she learned which has an important bearing on economy in the food budget. She avoided left-overs as much as possible. By making sure that every food brought to the table tasted well and looked attractive, there were no dabs remaining to be stuck into the ice box.

You might be interested in one or two of her favorite dishes. Here they are:

#### Baked Sliced Ham with Glazed Apricots

- |                               |                           |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 slice raw ham, about 1 kilo | 2 cups of canned apricots |
| 1½ teaspoon whole cloves      | 2 cups apricot juice      |
| 3 tablespoons brown sugar     | cinnamon and cloves       |

Sear the ham on both sides in the skillet, then place it in a baking dish, stick the cloves around the edge of the ham, and cover the top of it with the brown sugar, apricots, and spices. Pour all the apricot juice over it. Bake in a hot oven for an hour and a half, or until tender. Scalloped potatoes, to serve with the ham, are baked in the same oven.

#### Pear and Ginger Salad

- |                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| 6 halves of canned pears | 6 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger |
| 2 ounces cream cheese    | 6 tablespoons mayonnaise               |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | 1 tablespoon preserved ginger syrup    |

Arrange one-half a pear on a bed of lettuce. Divide the cream cheese into six portions and shape into balls, rolling each in the chopped ginger drained of its syrup. Place one ball in each pear half. Thin the mayonnaise with the ginger syrup and lemon juice and combine with the rest of the ginger not used with the cheese balls. Arrange this dressing on each salad and serve.

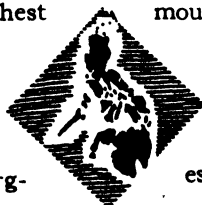
#### Raspberry Sherbet

- |                             |                            |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 package raspberry gelatin | 1 can of raspberries       |
| 2 cups of water             | 10 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1 cup of sugar              |                            |

Dissolve gelatin in one cup of water. Combine the sugar and one cup of water, and stir over a low heat until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Add to the gelatin mixture with the raspberries and lemon juice. Cool and rub through a fine sieve. Pour into the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator and freeze until set, stirring every 30 minutes. This dessert may also be frozen in an ordinary ice cream freezer, if desired.

## What Do You Know About The Philippines?

1. What is the highest mountain in Mindanao?
2. What is the largest river in Mindanao?
3. What is the highest mountain in southern Luzon?
4. What is the largest fertile plain in the Philippines?
5. What is the largest river in Luzon?
6. What province in the Philippines is the most densely populated?



7. What year did the English capture Manila?
8. What year did the last Manila galleon sail from Manila to Mexico?
9. What was the first daily newspaper published in Manila?
10. In what city in Spain in the year 1896 was José Rizal placed in prison?
11. What is the most populous province?
12. What is the third largest city in the Philippines?
13. What is the oldest school in Manila still existing?
14. What Pacific islands did Magellan call at before reaching the Philippines?
15. What is the derivation of the name of the province of Bulacan?
16. What animals do the Ifugaos use for field work?
17. What is the lowest and most level province in the Philippines?
18. When was Rizal province created?
19. What is the fourth largest island in the Philippines?
20. What island in the Philippines was first discovered by Magellan?

Mr. Gaudencio Ramirez, of Tarlac, Tarlac, was the first of several readers to call our attention to the error in the answer to Question No. 4 in the list of questions published in the September issue, and was therefore given a complimentary subscription to the Philippine Magazine for one year. Asbestos has been reported from Ilocos Norte and not Ilocos Sur, as erroneously stated.

Mr. Mauro Garcia of Manila first reported the copyist's error in the answer to Question No. 20. The music of the march was written by Julian Felipe in 1898, the words by José Palma in 1899. He also receives a year's free subscription to the Magazine.

Several readers questioned the answer to Question No. 1, holding that the first church of San Agustin in Manila is the oldest church. The question, however, was not what was the oldest church building, but the oldest church. The original Santo Niño church was built in 1571, the first San Agustin church five years later.

## The Hinal-o or Pestle Dance

(Continued from page 182)

pestles again, twice they were knocked together, then banged down again. One, two, three—tong-tong-bang-tong-tong-bang—always in time with the music.

The two dancers began to skip and jump, over and between the pounding, crashing pestles. The clanging of the pestles made a weird and savage sound, yet rhythmic and rich. The tempo of the clashing wooden pestles increased as the young men leapt gaily and buoyantly between them.

Pong-pong-bang! Pong-pong-bang! Faster and faster clashed the pestles, but still vigorously and yet gracefully the dancers danced on between the flashing, crashing pestles. Swinging and bending, lightly and wildly, but expertly, they exchanged places, and with arms swinging, they leapt and whirled on with seemingly inexhaustible energy and courage.

When the guitarist stopped playing because his song was ended, a wild shout of applause came from the crowd. The dancers bowed again and the liberal *teniente del barrio* pressed upon them a gift of some *palay* and several meters of cloth.

Returning home with my friends I asked when I might see another pestle dance. At the next harvest season, perhaps, he said.

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## He Wanted to be Vice-Presidente

(Continued from page 199)

On the eve of the election, Mang Genio looked more dead than alive. His cheeks were hollower than ever. There was no light in his eyes as he watched and waved weakly at the crowds of people carrying banners, and parading the streets. His face was haggard as he smiled wanly at automobiles full of men that would suddenly come swooping down the dark provincial road that night, shouting, shouting long live somebody.

Mang Genio did not go to bed. Some of the people jeered at him when they recognized his dark, wrinkled face in the dim lights of many stores, as he walked about the town aimlessly. They shouted at him: "Hullo vice-president!" Mang Genio only smiled at them—no, it was not a smile.

But the next day when the official counting was over, Mang Geniong Manalang was shown to have polled a considerable majority over his rich opponent.

When Mang Genio was informed of his victory, he believed it at once, for it was his only son Culas who brought him the happy tidings. But the truth of his triumph seemed only to come to him crushingly a few moments later. He was still for many seconds, and when he tried to speak, his voice was like a dead man's, so hollow, so unearthly did it sound.

"Did I win? Did I win? Am I really elected? Am I really elected?" he repeated oddly, as he stared unseeingly at those around him.

A great, gripping weakness had come over him suddenly. He could not even walk home. And his house was just a short distance away. He tottered when he tried to move his legs. Culas had to help him. They were met at the stairs by a little boy, Mang Genio's grandson. The child watched the old man sink slowly into a chair, and close his eyes. He seemed to fall asleep.

And he had a dream.

He was crouching behind a tall balete tree. Right and left, and in front of him men were falling, and never rose again. Bullets were raining down on him. As he turned to help a fallen comrade, there was a swishing sound . . . tock! and off went his hat. He tried to crawl towards it, but he could not move.

And there the dream ended.

## The Battle of Mactan

(Continued from page 198)

But as he strove he knew  
His hours of life were few  
And o'er him darkly grew  
Death's shade descending.  
Magellan fought no more  
Upon that fatal shore,  
A kris on his crest tore,  
His glory ending.

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Silent they stood before  
The man laved in his gore,  
The would-be conqueror  
Now conquered foeman;  
There lifeless did he lie,  
His face turned to the sky,  
As in a last defy,  
And fearing no man.

No more they did pursue  
Their hasting, fleeing foe  
Who swiftly o'er the blue  
His vessel hurried;  
Sated the wrath they bore,  
And on that bloody shore  
To sound of billows' roar  
The *senhor* buried.

## Campfire Tales...

(Continued from page 200)

where rare and remarkable objects are always believed to be endowed with mysterious powers or magic forces which will bring the owner luck and prosperity. The Aurora cowrie is of a delicate pale pink color, and at once attracts attention, and can not be mistaken for cowries of other species.

At certain times cowries, especially the various kind of money cowries, assemble in great numbers in one locality, while at other seasons of the year not one can be found at these places. The Moros ascribe this phenomenon to the moon, but as a matter of fact they come into the shallow water over the coral-reefs to deposit their eggs beneath the rocks. Cowries prefer a rocky bottom, and are rarely

found on sandy beaches where no rocks occur.

They are the persecuted and suffering victims of the starfishes, which wrap their nasty arms around them and insert their suckers into the opening of the shell and feed on the soft meat of poor little *siguey*, whom nature has not endowed with means to defend himself, unlike many other molluscs which are equipped with acid or poisonous fluids which they are able to eject in time of need.

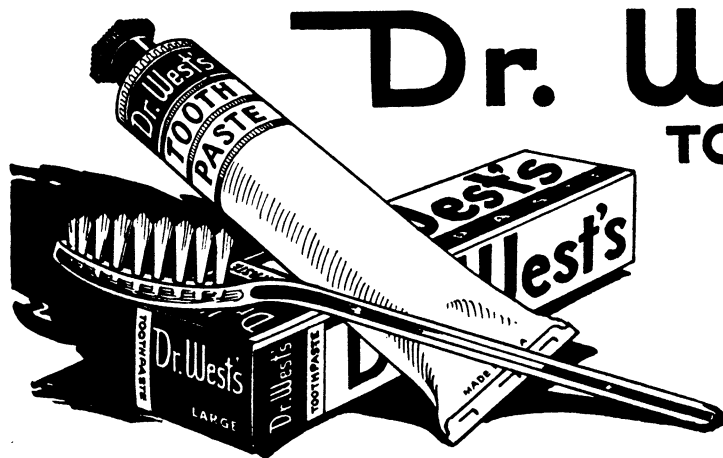
Though the family is not of much economic importance to man, the great number of cowries in such a multitude of beautiful colors, enlivens the aspect of the sea shore and gladdens the hearts of those who love nature's living creatures.

## Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 197)

### A Beautiful Jungle Island

Most parts of the Philippines have their distinctive and attractive scenery and Samar is by no means an exception. I shall always recall the beauty of its mountain rivers. Some are roaring torrents confined by steep-walled ravines covered with tropical plants, and with vines, hanging down several hundred feet, alive with monkeys and varicolored parrots and other birds. Others are slow-moving over solid rock, with water of every shade of blue, and these not infrequently disappear in the ground or in caves to reappear at a distance. Some of the grottos connecting with these rivers are beautiful and remind one of Capri's blue grotto on a small scale. I was fortunate in making the trip down the Ylat river from Ilokiloko (?) to Sulat, but not fortunate



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in choice of season for the water being low, it took us from midday to midnight—about twice the time ordinarily required. There is only one short portage around a steep fall into a boiling caldron between enormous rocks, and there being no rapids the ride is not exciting, but the scenery well repays one for the rather tedious and uncomfortable trip by *banca*. An outboard motor would make it more enjoyable. Except for a few small clearings made by people in hiding, dense jungle reached to the water's edge and the only means of access was by river. Wild ducks were so tame and plentiful one could have filled the *banca* with them, and after dark I kept my head below the *banca* sides so as to avoid being hit by those sleeping on the water and frightened by the passage of our craft.

### Love Pangs

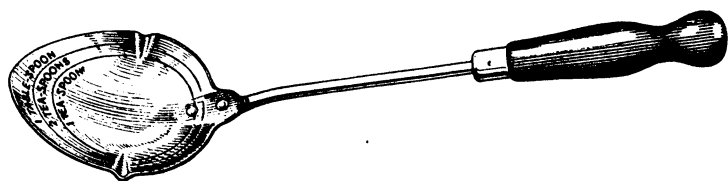
I have often been an interested onlooker at the trials and tribulations of courtship. Most of these cases are a source of wonder at the male's ability to show himself to such advantage and at the credulity of the quarry—probably more apparent than real—but we had a case at Camp Meneke in which the unfortunate youth became intermittently deranged. Following each arrival of States mail, this young officer would sit and mope over his letters for days and then take fits of rushing out of the house, tearing up correspondence and jumping on the pieces to the accompaniment of horrible language. These demonstrations of love gradually became less frequent and energetic until, shortly before the arrival of the next mail, the sufferer again became normal. On one expedition he and I shared the same shelter for two nights, but this saving of labor in

shelter-building had to be abandoned on account of his flopping over like a fish on his cot every few minutes and preventing me from sleeping. Remonstrance on my part elicited the information that the flopping was purely involuntary and bothered him much more than it did me. After some of his men were drowned in fording a river, he became worse and, getting back to the station, was invalided to Manila. Some months later I saw this love-sick boy, still somewhat wild-eyed but a different individual to the one I had known in Samar. He left for the United States, and report had it that upon arrival he married the cause of his apparent candidacy for a lunatic asylum—a girl worth a million dollars in her own right. Who would not undergo temporary derangement for such reward! After this unfortunate officer's departure there were only two left with the companies at Meneke—Captain Inglesby and myself. Inglesby was far too civilized for the life and I always felt sorry for him being marooned in such a place. An engineer by profession, when not in the hills his recreation consisted of mapping the surrounding country and keeping us supplied with edible birds. Once after a few days in the mountains, several of my men fell ill with smallpox and as few inhabitants of the Islands were protected by vaccination in those days I expected to have to build and run a hospital in the hills, but no new cases developing, after sending the sick to a detention camp near the station, we continued the hike. Just before leaving Meneke we had sent a sick man from Inglesby's company to the Scout hospital at Borongan were after a few days, we learned upon our return, his case also turned out to be smallpox. These, however, were the only ones.



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### An Involuntary Bath

Returning from Borongan one afternoon, I hired a sailing boat to take me from San Julian to our camp. It was during the north-east monsoon with the usual strong wind and rough sea, both of which were favorable. Having secured the boat through the presidente, I had paid no special attention to the two boatmen, but when we were well off shore it became evident that both were very drunk. All the local men being good sailors and drunkenness not rare, I thought nothing of it and went to sleep to wake and find myself and pony equipment in the water and the camp still a mile away. The bath had a sobering effect on the boatmen who collected my belongings and told me that wind and tide being in our favor we should reach the shore almost as quickly as if the boat were not submerged. Hanging on to the outriggers, we made fairly good time, our feet occasionally touching the sand between waves. From the suppressed chuckles and the faces of my two companions, I felt pretty certain that the show had been staged for my benefit. However I was in no position to do anything about it, even cursing was difficult in the surf, and by the time we reached the shore my anger had subsided. The joke was on me. The Visayan is the best sailor in the Philippines and an indifferent one is out of place on the east coast of Samar.

### Visitors

For several weeks we had a very interesting visitor, a Filipino general and former officer of General Lukban's, who was collecting certain data for the U. S. Government. One day he received a telegram from his wife directing him to loose no time in coming home. Showing us the message, he explained that he had left the *señora* in charge of their hacienda and that she in her loneliness and grief at the separation was possibly suspicious regarding the manner in which he was spending his time as once in the past she had even accused him of infidelity, an offense, he explained almost unknown in the Philippines. To our suggestion that he reply official business would not allow of his immediate return, he told us no such excuse would succeed with the lady in question. The general left that day, promising to write, but we never heard from him probably for fear something in our return letter might arouse the suspicion of his better half. Years later, after telling General Lukban about our visitor, he gave me a word picture of the lady and I no longer blamed her husband for prompt obedience. There were few other visitors. I remember General Harbord arrived one evening after dark. He inspected the companies next morning by lantern light, and left immediately after breakfast so as to make connection with a steamer. Captain Wheate of the Telegraph Division, Bureau of Posts, also inspected the local telegraph office.

The life was a hard one and lonely, but I really enjoyed it. In the hills one was on the move all day, in the evening ravenous hunger made food in quantity the dominant consideration, and after supper one was generally too sleepy even to think—a typical animal life. Back at the station after having read everything that had come in since one's

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departure, the daily routine, lack of hard exercise, and eating too much soon palled on one, and I was always glad to return to the hills. In the absence of civilized society and by this I mean real women, and of books, there are only about two generally available diversions giving a real "kick", both of which are to be found in quantity if not in quality practically everywhere except in the hills. I was not so wedded to the life that my transfer to Albay was unpleasing. It meant a step nearer to semi-civilization and upon arrival at Legaspi I was not sorry nor ungrateful to find that my destination has been changed to Baguio.

## Editorials

(Continued from page 196)

Roosevelt's policy, it is now realized that he, after perhaps some hesitation, saw his way clearly before him and followed it unswervingly.

Many tasks confront the world which must be undertaken on an international basis, but there are most pressing problems attempts at the solution of which can not be delayed until international action can be secured—which might still be decades in the future. Among these problems are those inter-related with unemployment and the suffering, hunger, and social unrest which follows from it.

Just as the inhabitants of a small village must first put their own houses and yards in order before much can be done to clean up the town, so the nations of the world must in these extraordinarily difficult days give their principal attention to their own domestic problems before matters of international interest can be attended to, or before even these same originally domestic problems, as their ramifications extend into the international field, can be adequately dealt with. In bringing order into its own affairs, every nation best serves the world order.

A. V. H. H.

## Sports in the Philippines

(Continued from page 193)

### Little Baseball Rivalry

Next comes baseball. America's national pastime has been introduced with more or less successful results. The game in Manila probably parallels in age the arrival of Americans thirty odd years ago. And hence the same elements that make for popularity in America are demanded here—fast baseball, keen rivalry, and excellent park accommodations.

There are a lot of people in Manila. From a population of 400,000 or more, baseball should receive generous support. Yet, during the waning days of the Philippine Baseball League season the attendance at Alunan Park was of the scattered and sparsely settled variety. We dropped in on Judge Frank B. Ingersoll not so long ago to discuss the 1933-1934 season. It is easily apparent that the baseball situation here is different. In order to create the proper rivalry, there must be a hometown squad, an all-Filipino team, or maybe more, and at least one all-American aggregation.

This would constitute a four-team circuit. It is the consensus of the directors that a six-club league is unwieldy, and as the Manila park is the only real source of revenue, it is impossible for Manila to support six teams. This

deduction comes, not from theory, but from experience.

However, if powerful financial interests in Manila, together with the service branches, would put clubs in the field, properly equipped, properly financed, without depending too much on gate receipts, we believe a faster quality of baseball could be developed here. Perhaps that has already been tried out, and has been found to be a failure. But we still contend that baseball should be one of the ace sports of the Islands.

### Golf Popular

So far as we can observe, Manila goes in for golf in a big way. The Municipal course, picturesque, convenient, and within reach of any pocketbook, is a big boost for the game. This writer has never before seen a golf course just like this one, with the twentieth century flanking it on one side and the walls of the sixteenth century throwing their shadows across it from another.

### Polo and Horseracing

Polo is deep rooted and popular with the American community. But the Filipinos do not play the game. It seems to me that if the Filipino turns to horseracing, as he evidently does, he would turn to polo, also. Perhaps he likes the racetrack because of the gambling feature. Which reminds me that racing has plenty of followers hereabouts, and while the events are not conducted on a grand scale, such as one sees in Buenos Aires, Calcutta, Shanghai, in American cities, in England, or in Australasia, they are colorful and well attended.

But getting back to polo. It is essentially an army pastime. But it has caught on with the civilian Americans, and the polo season in Manila is awaited with eagerness each year.

### Big Soccer Games

Soccer and rugby, good, lively outdoor diversions, have entered the athletic life of the community rather firmly. So thoroughly is this so, that excellent teams come here from China to show the local lads how it is done. As proof of the popularity of these games, tremendous crowds usually attend the big contests.

### Tennis Going Strong

I have placed boxing first in this review. Perhaps I shouldn't. But at the moment it appears to be the most consistently popular diversion in the Philippine sports realm. Tennis, however, must not be slighted. Here's a type of game that seems to suit the Filipino. In fact, it has taken him by storm. On every court, in every section of the city, you will find trim young men and women wielding racquets with splendid ability. There should, sooner or later, go out from these islands, some championship contenders.

Why not? If the Japanese can excel in tennis, even to the point of having their experts penetrate to the last rounds of Davis cup eliminations, why shouldn't the Filipino be able to do the same thing? He is naturally agile and alert. With the proper coaching and training, plus incentive, the youth of this country should be able to enter the big tournaments of the world.

### The Opportunity for Swimming

I have marveled that swimming has not taken a deeper hold in the islands. The climate is ideal for it. The draw-

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back, without question, has been the lack of pools and instructors. This latter handicap is being eliminated, as in recent years—even in the last twelve months—fine tanks have been dedicated in Manila.

We come to another comparison with Japan. The Nipponese swimmers are the fastest in the world today. Why shouldn't the Filipinos garner equal honors? The feat can't be accomplished in a day or in a year. Training must start at an early age, and it must be continuous and thorough until a boy or girl reaches the adult period. Haphazard methods, haphazard incentive, haphazard support will never develop swimmers. An inspection of methods in Los Angeles, Chicago, Hawaii, or Japan, will inform you correctly on this point.

### Official Encouragement Needed

A universal handicap to the full development of all sports in Manila, and throughout the archipelago, is the depressing lack of parks and playgrounds. One can not expect a child to develop a love for the healthful outdoors if he is boxed in and hedged about by the confines of a narrow street and never permitted to mix and mingle with other children, under proper supervision, in clean and attractive surroundings. It is in the parks and on the public playgrounds that the child begins his career as an athlete.

I have observed several instances since coming to Manila

that seem to indicate that city officials and school authorities, and even the Philippine legislators, are not as sympathetic towards sports as they should be. It is a mistake. Children need to play healthful games if they would develop healthful bodies and minds.

But, taken all in all, there is a warmth of spirit and a genuine enthusiasm for athletic achievement in the Philippines that needs only a few championships, or championship winners—whether in boxing, baseball, tennis, golf, basketball, or swimming—to set the country on fire. Let's hope these champions are developed.

## Pinipig

(Continued from page 192)

### Uses of Pinipig

Mrs. M. V. Adriano has very kindly supplied the following pinipig recipes:

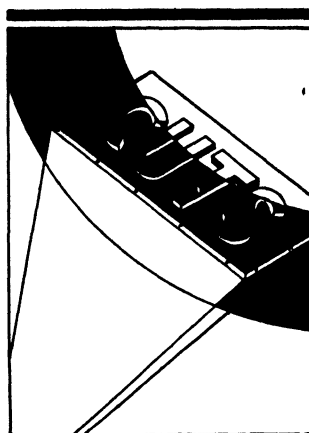
1. Pinipig Ice Cream
 

1 cup pinipig	1 cup water
6 eggs	1 can milk
1 cup sugar	

Soak the pinipig in water until soft. Boil water and sugar into a syrup. Beat eggs until light and pour syrup over the beaten eggs and continue beating for a little while. Add milk and the pinipig. Freeze.

2. Pinipig Gulnatan
 

2 mature coconuts	2 sweet potatoes (cut into small cubes)
1 cup water	1/2 ordinary sized ube tuber cut into small pieces
1-1/2 cup sugar	
1/2 cup pinipig	



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Grate and press out juice or milk of coconut. Separate the cream. Add water, sugar, sweet potatoes, and ube. When cooked, add pinipig and the cream of coconut milk.

3. Pinipig Biscuit
- |                   |                          |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cup flour       | 4 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1 cup pinipig     | 3 tablespoons shortening |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 3/4 cup milk             |

Soak pinipig in water until soft. Mix all dry ingredients. Add the shortening, milk, and the pinipig. Roll on flour board one third of an inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Brush the top with beaten egg yolks.

4. Pinipig Suman
- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| 2 cups pinipig | 1 coconut    |
| 1/2 cup sugar  | 2 cups water |
|                | anis seeds   |

Boil the milk of one coconut until the oil separates out. Strain, add the latik or coconut cheese with the pinipig, sugar, and anis. Mix all of them and cook over slow fire until a sticky paste is formed. Form into long *suman* and roll in young banana leaves, using oil to prevent sticking. Boil the *suman* over a slow fire.

5. Bibingka Pinipig
- |                                      |
|--------------------------------------|
| 1 coconut or one can evaporated milk |
| 2 cups pinipig                       |
| 1/2 cup sugar                        |

Soak pinipig in water until soft. Add milk or the milk of the coconut and sugar. Mix all together and bake in shallow pans lined with young banana leaf.

6. Pinipig Pudding
- |                       |                              |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 4 cups puffed pinipig | 1/2 cup raisins              |
| 2 cups bread crumbs   | 1 cup chopped pili or walnut |
| 4 eggs                | 1/2 cup butter               |
| 1 cup water           | lemon peel preserve          |
| 1 can condensed milk  |                              |

Beat eggs, add milk and water and the rest of ingredients. Let soak for a few minutes. Bake in *baño de María* using a pan greased with butter or lard. Serve with milk or any pudding sauce.

7. Pinipig Ampao
- |   |
|---|
| 1 cup roasted peanuts chopped into small pieces |
| 1 cup puffed or roasted pinipig                 |
| 3/4 cup sugar                                   |

Melt sugar. When thoroughly melted, add puffed pinipig and peanuts. Turn on to a greased pan. Cut into squares before it gets hard.

8. Pinipig Macaroons (Mrs. S. de Veyra)
- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1-1/4 cups pinipig       | 1/2 cup sugar           |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder | 1 tablespoon shortening |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt        | 1 egg                   |

Mix together pinipig, baking powder, salt, and sugar. Add the shortening and lastly the well beaten egg. Drop by teaspoonfull on a butterhead pan and bake for 30 minutes until dry.

#### REFERENCES

1. Adriano, F. T.—1925—The proximate chemical analyses of Philippine foods and feeding stuffs. *The Philippine Agriculturist* 14: 57-91.
2. Adriano, F. T.—1928—The proximate analyses of Philippine foods and feeding stuffs. II. *The Philippine Agriculturist* 18: 119-125.
3. Anonymous—1930—Official and tentative methods of analysis. Association of Official Agricultural Chemists. 3rd ed. xvii + 593 pp. Washington, D.C.

## The Chicago Exposition

(Continued from page 187)

tricate costumes. But wherever they went, eyes followed, remarks were made, and both interest and pleasure were shown.

Most of the men wore Chicago dress, only a few the *barong Tagalog*. One spoiled the effect of his rather too transparent barong by wearing gaudy suspenders under it.

The two orchestras that assisted were regular ones, working in the fair, and in the hotels and ball rooms of Chicago. They were quite representative of our Philippine music.

Mr. Ramon Crispo will be remembered by radio fans as a popular Manila broadcaster during past years, and Magdalena Calloway, known as "Maggie" on the vaudeville stage in Manila, is studying dancing in America.

We might have had more interesting exhibits, but the Tourist Association had no funds for this purpose and most of the goods that were shown were loaned or consigned for sale. The various Manila chambers of commerce might have cooperated in preparing charts of our principal enterprises and products, as the lack of these was noticeable especially inasmuch as people were reading charts every-

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where else, making notes, etc. The steamship companies might have extended more help in the way of furnishing illustrated folders and maps. But in spite of these shortcomings, due chiefly to the lack of Government support, and after seeing the Philippine Day program, with its simple, unprepared effects, and its air of modesty, I am of the final opinion that the Philippine part of the Exhibition was much more appropriate and acceptable as it was than if it had been attempted to carry it off in the "high silk hat and white spats" style, and with all the official pomp so dear to the heart of officials who go at public expense and who try to make us appear far more advanced than we really are.

It was a pleasure to congratulate Mr. Steele and those who took part in the program, and to wish our people happiness and prosperity, all those at home in the Islands, as well as the exiles scattered from California to New York, and especially those in and around Chicago, who gave their help freely to make the Philippine Day a success.

### Midsummer

(Continued from page 184)

His hair which was wavy, cut short behind but long in front, had fallen in a cluster over his forehead.

"Let me hold the bucket while you drink," she offered.

He flashed her a smile over his shoulder. Then he poured the water into her jar, and again lowered the bucket.

"No, no, you must not do that." She hurried to his side and held one of his arms. "I couldn't let you, a stranger..."

"Why not?" He smiled down at her. He noticed a slight film of moisture clinging to the down on her upper lip and experienced a sudden desire to wipe it away with his forefinger. He continued to lower the bucket while she had to stand by.

"Hadh't you better move over to the shade?" he suggested as the bucket struck the water.

"What shall I do there?" she asked sharply as though the idea of seeking protection from the heat were contemptible to her.

"You will get fried standing here in the sun," he said as he began to haul up the bucket.

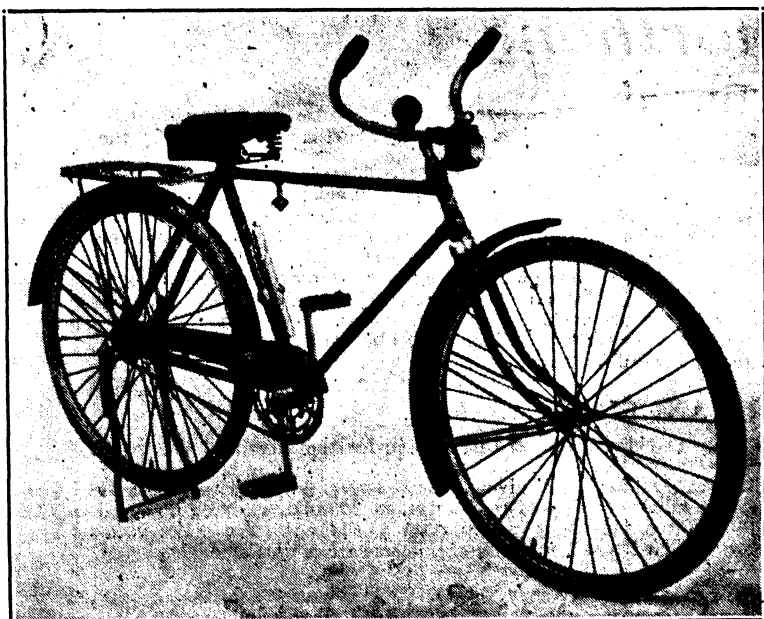
But she continued to stand beside him, catching the rope as it fell from his hands, coiling it carefully. The jar was filled with plenty to spare. Then he meekly gave her the bucket and she held it up and told him to drink as she tilted the half-filled can until the water lapped the rim. He gulped a mouthful of water, gargled noisily, spewed it out, then commenced to drink in earnest. He took long, deep draughts of the sweetish water, for he was more thirsty than he had thought. A chuckling sound persisted in forming inside his throat at every swallow. It made him self-conscious. He was breathless when through, and red in the face.

"I don't know why it makes that sound," he said, fingering his throat and laughing shamefacedly.

"Father also makes that sound when he drinks, and mother always laughs at him," she said. She untied the headkerchief over her hair and started to roll it.

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The sun had descended considerably, and there was now hardly any shade under the tree. The bull was gathering with its tongue stray slips of straw. The man had untied the animal to lead it to the other side of the gorge where the high bank was beginning to throw some shade, when the girl spoke: "*Manong*, why don't you come to our house and bring your animal with you? There is shade there and you can sleep, though our house is very poor."

She had already placed the jar on top of her head and stood, half-turned toward him, waiting for his answer.

"It would be troubling you . . ."

"No. You come. I have told mother about you." She turned and went down the path as though she had said too much.

He sent the bull after her with a smart slap on its side. Then he quickly gathered the remains of his meal, put them inside the jute sack which had almost dried, and himself followed. The bull had stopped to nibble the tufts of grass that dotted the bottom of the gorge. He picked up the dragging rope of the animal and urged it on into a trot. Man and animal caught up with her near the cart. She had stopped to wait.

"Our house is just beyond that point," she said, indicating the spur of land topped by the sickly bamboo. "We have no neighbors."

He did not volunteer a word. He walked a step behind, the bull lumbering ahead. More than ever he was conscious of her person. She carried the jar on her head without holding it. Her hands swung to her even steps. He threw back his square shoulders, lifted his chin, and sniffed the motionless air. There was a flourish in the way he flicked the rump of the bull with the rope in his hand. He felt strong. He felt very strong. He felt that he could follow the slender, lithe figure ahead of him to the ends of the world.

## Answers

Answers to the Questions on Page 202

1. Mount Apo (approximately 9,610 feet).
2. The Rio Grande de Mindanao.
3. Mount Mayon (approximately 7,900 feet).
4. The Central Plain of Luzon.
5. The Cagayan River.
6. Ilocos Sur.
7. 1762.
8. 1811.
9. *La Esperanza*, founded in 1846.
10. Barcelona.
11. Cebu.
12. Legaspi.
13. Colegio de Santa Isabel (founded in 1596). The University of Santo Tomas was founded fifteen years later in 1611.
14. The Mariana Islands. (See *Philippine Magazine*, September, 1927).
15. From the Tagalog word *bulak*, meaning cotton.
16. None.
17. Pampanga.
18. 1901.
19. Samar.
20. Samar. (See *Philippine Magazine*, September, 1927).

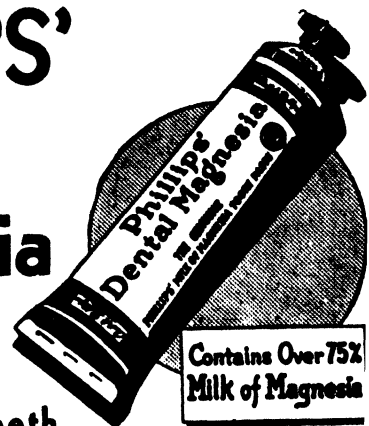
The individual who first reports an error in these answers will be given a complimentary subscription to the *Philippine Magazine* for one year. A satisfactory authority for the correction would have to be quoted.

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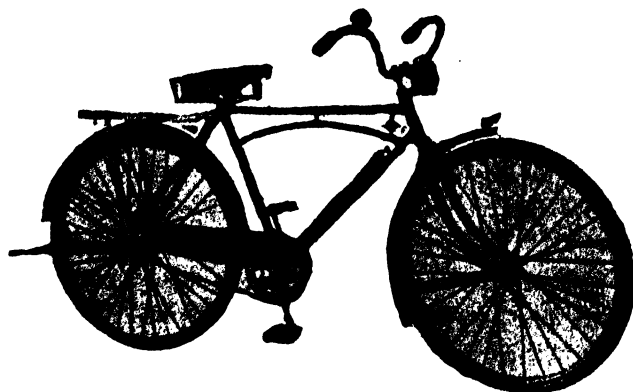
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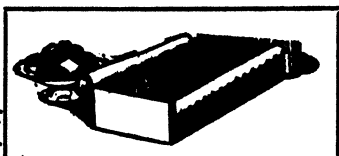
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is got of all principles under the sky. With the attainment of that mastery, (the sage) makes good his position in the middle (between heaven and earth). . . . Words issue from one's person, and proceed to affect the people. Actions proceed from what is near, and their effects are seen at a distance. Words and actions are the hinge and spring of the superior man. . . . His words and actions move heaven and earth;—may he be careless in regard to them?"

We can not be careless either in regard to words or deeds according to this Chinese writer. With this in mind, I read with amusement Joseph Choate's words, quoted by Edward S. Martin in the August *Harper's Magazine*: "You can say almost anything if you know how".

With regard to the change in the ownership of the *Philippine Magazine*, announced on the editorial page of this issue, I will only say that I am very happy in thus satisfying a desire I have entertained for many years to edit a really independent magazine. I hope, however, that this statement will not draw down upon me an avalanche of fanatic and crack-brained articles. I have no intention of changing the general policy of the *Magazine*. As I said on the editorial page, I hope to continue, with the help of our writers, artists, readers, and advertisers, the publication of a truly Philippine magazine, devoted to Philippine interests—Philippine history, literature, art, and all the subdivisions of science as they apply to the Philippines, Philippine industry and commerce (in a general way), and I hope to continue to write editorials on Philippine affairs, truthfully and frankly, just as I, and I believe many others, see them, without, I trust, undue partisanship or bias. My general aim has been and will continue to be to publish a *Magazine* that does not compete with or duplicate any other local or foreign publication, a *Magazine* that all may read, regardless of what other publications they may subscribe to, certain that they will not find anything that they might just as well have read in some other publication.

It is a pride of mine that the *Magazine* contains no syndicated material of any kind, no re-writes, no fillers, no write-ups in return for advertising. There is no regular reporterial staff; every article is written at first-hand and is authentic. The general policy is liberal, but not radical. More attention is paid to conditions than to personalities and easy praise is not given to everybody. The *Magazine* is frankly addressed to the more intelligent element in our population. It has set its own standards and will maintain them—so long as it has the backing of those it is trying to serve—the intelligent, thoughtful readers in this country. I hope that these readers will continue to support the *Magazine*—in fact, I am counting on it. And if they really feel kindly toward the *Magazine*, there are a few very helpful ways in showing this—getting their friends to subscribe, re-subscribing when their subscriptions expire, and paying their subscription accounts when these become due. Christmas is coming shortly and a very acceptable Christmas gift to almost anyone would be a subscription to the *Philippine Magazine*. We would send a Christmas card to your friend, telling him or her that the gift came from you. From now on, letters, subscription orders, subscription payments, etc., should be sent direct to the *Philippine Magazine*.

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